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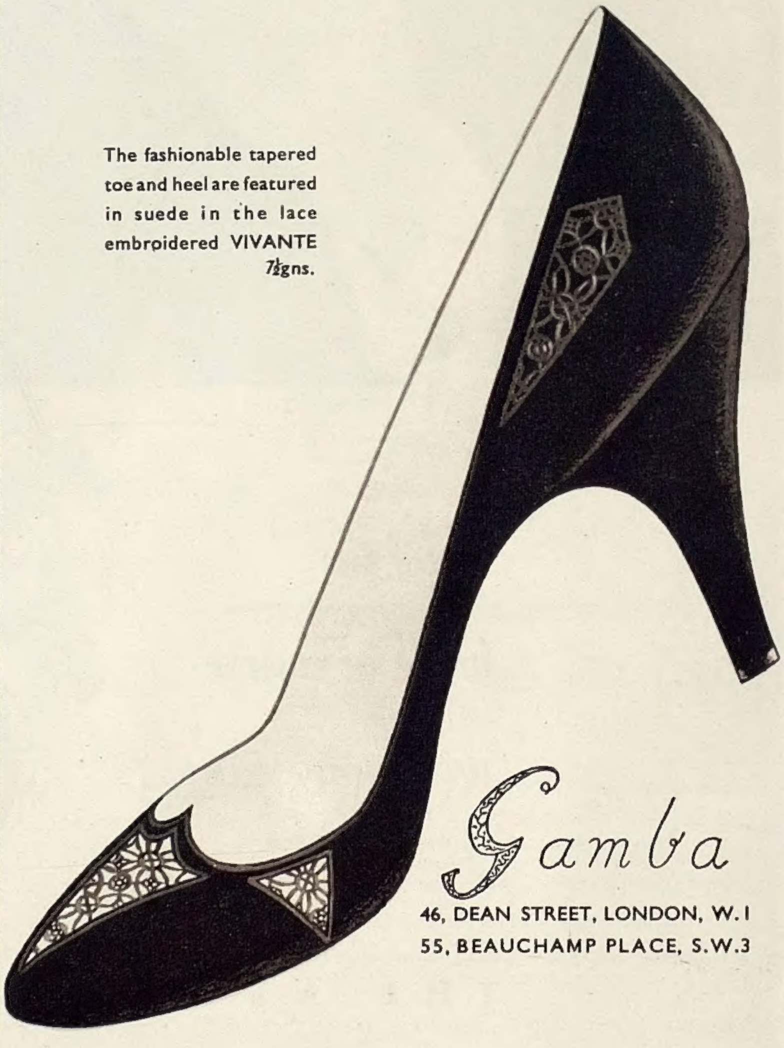

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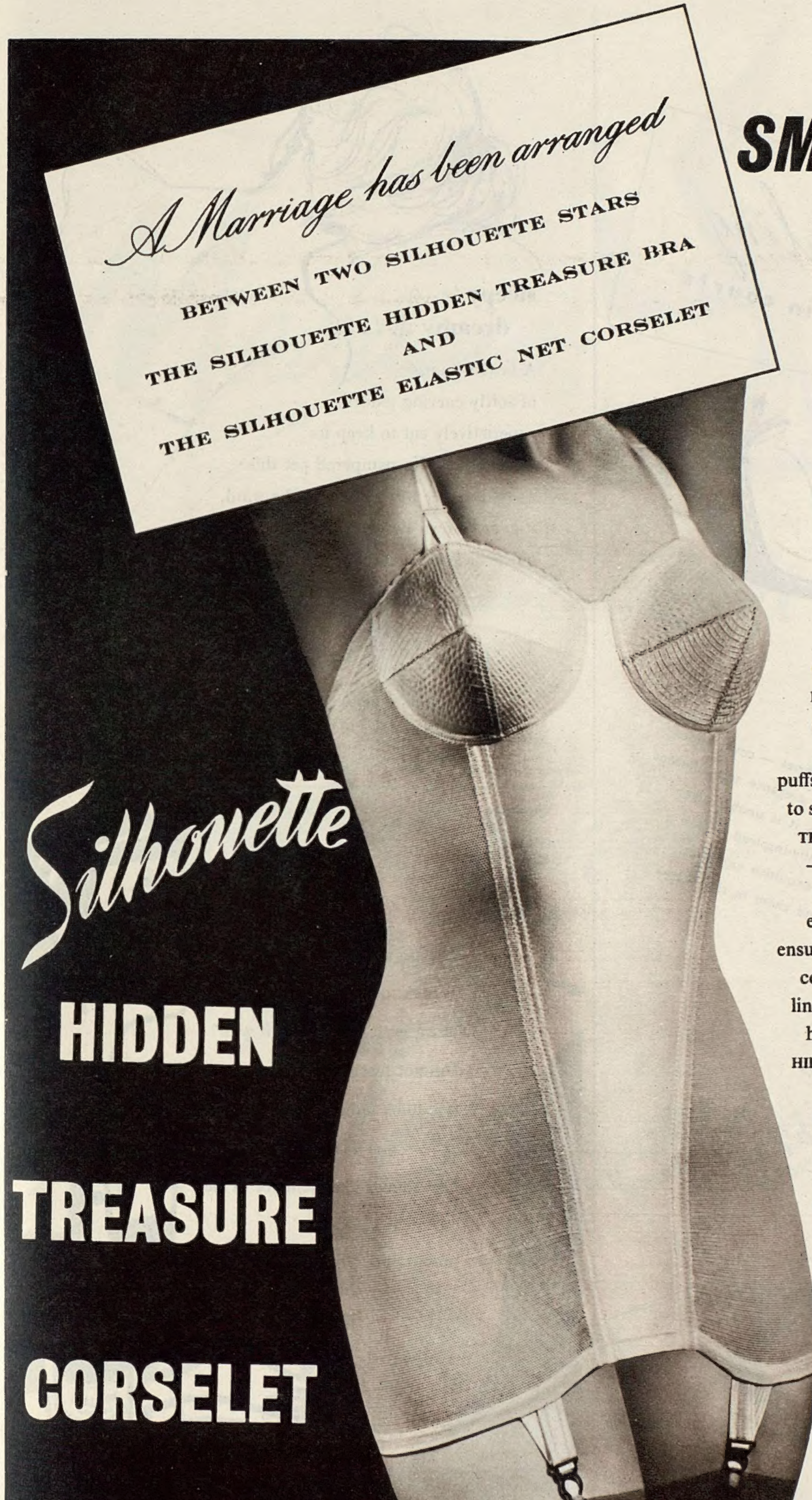

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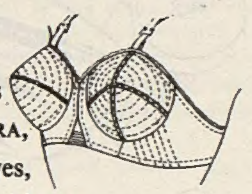

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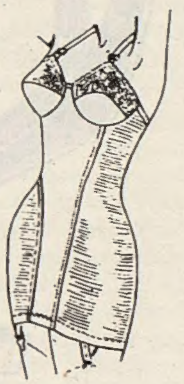

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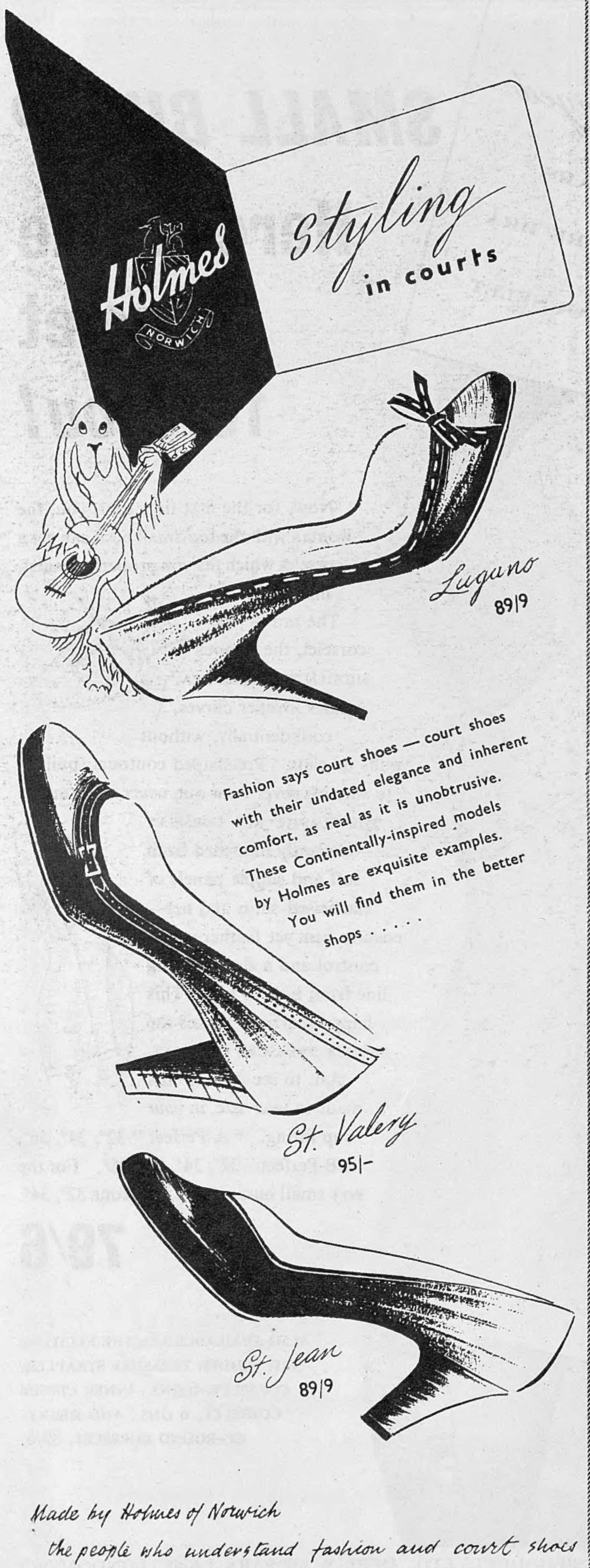
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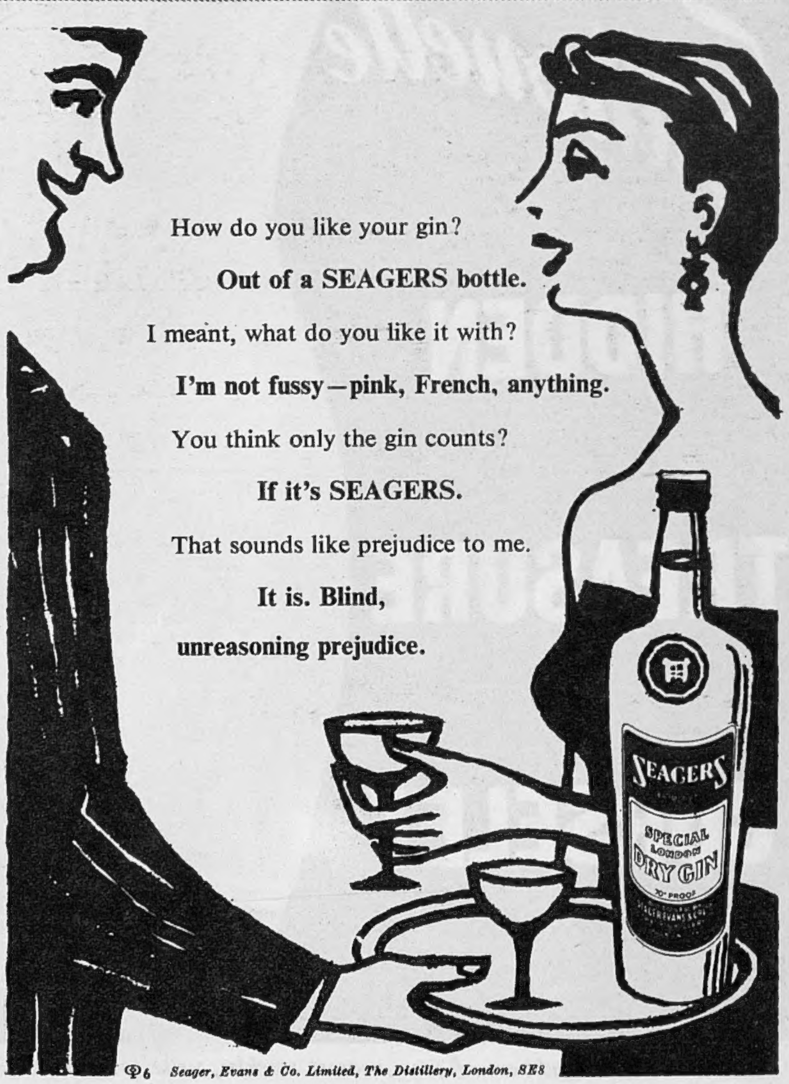
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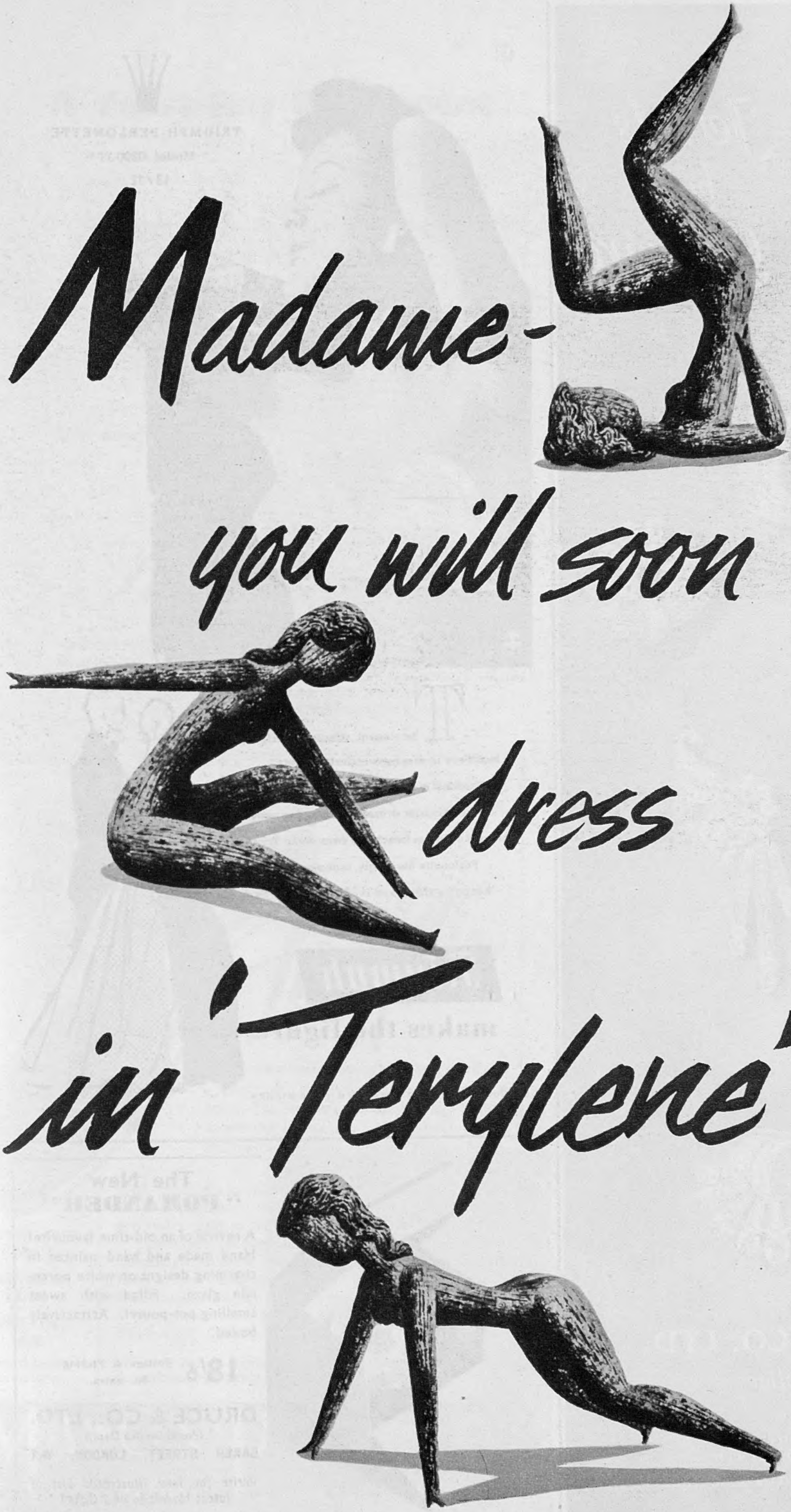

Now for the 'Terylene' way of life...

by LADY ASHTON

Professor, School of Fashion Design, Royal College of Art.

MOST OF US have found the maxim "il faut souffrir pour être belle" only too boringly true. One of the many reasons we have to rejoice at the invention of 'Terylene' (a *British* invention, incidentally) is that it contradicts the maxim. This man-made fibre will enable us to be more beautifully dressed, more beautifully groomed, with less effort than ever before.

What can you expect from 'Terylene' fabrics ? Just about this : glamour, strength, resilience, warmth of "handle", grace of "drape", washability, rapid drying, remarkable wear, and wide and beautiful variety.

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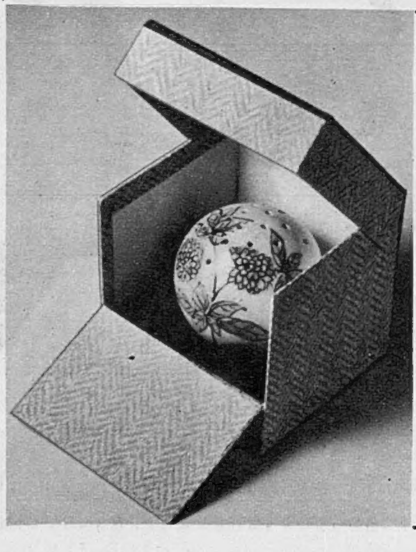

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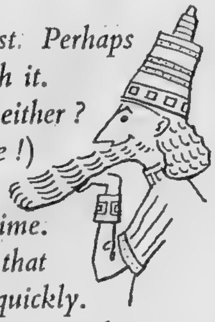

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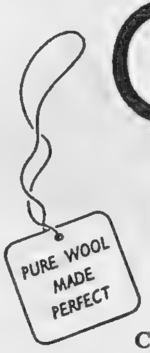

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

" BON VOYAGE "

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will leave England to-morrow, October 21st, in the *Queen Mary* on her first visit to Canada and the United States since 1939. Her Majesty will arrive in New York on October 26th and will visit Washington before proceeding to Ottawa. Her American engagements include a dinner at Columbia University to mark the granting of the charter by George II. 200 years ago, and a convocation in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. Her Majesty will leave New York on the return journey on November 18th.

Photograph by the Hon. M. W. Elphinstone.

"LA VIA APPIA ANTICA," by Brooke Farrar.

This fine landscape depicting the Appian Way is one of a very impressive exhibition of paintings by Brooke Farrar now on view in the Reynolds Room at the Leicester Galleries until the end of October. This is the fifth one-man London exhibition of his work, which has an exotic enchantment which owes little to a Bedfordshire upbringing, much to thirty years spent working in France or travelling and painting in Spain, Italy and Ceylon. The Leicester are also showing some recent paintings by Mary Potter, and an exhibition of water-colours, drawings and caricatures by Ronald Searle, featuring "London, Taormina, and the Last of the Schoolgirls." Altogether, well worth a visit.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

WE were a distinguished lot (present company excepted) who took off for Reims in a chartered aircraft as the British delegation of the *Amis de la Cathedrale*. The purpose of the visit was to attend the official inauguration of the "champagne window," which has been placed in that loveliest of buildings which was for centuries the Westminster Abbey of France. We took a fine cluster of peers—though the Duke of Wellington, who was to have led the delegation, at the last moment decided to lead a similar delegation to Moscow, which may have been Moscow's gain, but was certainly his loss. They ranged from long, tall peers like Patrick Kinross, to short, round peers like Billy Wicklow, from emphatic peers like Eric Long of Wraxall, to recently controversial peers like Lord Russell of Liverpool, the ex-Deputy Advocate-General, whose book on German atrocities caused so much trouble. We had a batch of Barts, including Jock McEwen, who was recovering from the strenuosities of the recent wedding of his son to my neighbour, Bridget Laver, at which the Queen and Princess Margaret were present, and Harold Hood, who, as I was able to gather from the unauthorised peep I took at the briefing for our delightful hosts, has the comprehensive, if enigmatic, title of "Proprietor of the Universe."

There were plenty of M.P.s, ranging from such comparative veterans as Sir Edward Keeling, who has sat for Twickenham for so many years, and Sir Victor Raikes, to John Eden, who is now one of the youngest Members of the House. Among the literary gents there was Douglas Woodruff, who many years ago, I think, invented, and for years wrote, the fourth leader in *The Times*; Charles Petrie the historian, who also came in the "Barts" category; Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene. The two latter, in theatrical terms, stole the show. Whether by accident or design, each looked like a caricature of a character out of one of his own books. At London Airport, Evelyn Waugh, in his black-and-white check suit, wore with it a bowler hat and umbrella. On entering the aircraft he substituted a stick for the umbrella and an Edwardian cap with a "little round button on top" of the same material as his suit for his bowler. Someone unkindly christened him thereafter "the little Panjandrum."

The weather was far from clement. Indeed, as we approached Reims military airfield in the gloaming, in driving rain and with a ceiling of about 50 ft., those with experience as pilots, or, as in my case, of tens of thousands of miles of unhappy air transport, tended to peer a little nervously out of the darkling windows. When we got down, Lord Sempill, who holds,

I believe, one of the oldest pilot's tickets in this country, insisted on shaking the hand of the pilot, the senior captain of Air France, to congratulate him on getting us there safely.

Arrived in Reims, we found the usual admirable organisation and charming friendliness awaiting us. Some eighteen years ago, when I was a member of a similar delegation, the late Lord Hewart, then Lord Chief Justice, wrapped up in a heavy coat and scarves, and wearing his little *chapeau melon*, said to me as we drew into the quay at Boulogne: "You know, my dear Toby, I think this is a bit of a lark!" This might indeed be regarded as *le mot juste* for anything organised by our nice friends.

While on the subject of hats (and excluding Mr. Evelyn Waugh's cap), I feel I should draw attention to the pre-Edwardian Edwardian bowler of Eric Long, the Edwardian bowler of Hugo Wortham, and the broken crow's wing Anthony Eden hat of Victor Raikes. Eric's hat came within an ace of being presented by the rest of the delegation to the *Musée des Arts et Monuments Historiques*, while Victor, who sits for Wavertree, greatly impressed our hosts with the democratic tendencies of the modern Conservative Party. No one viewing that appallingly dilapidated "titfer" could henceforward describe the Tories as representing the party of privilege!

A delightful day of visits to the cellars, the *pressoirs* and the houses of the bearers of famous champagne names followed. General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, made an admirable speech in French which, while it did credit to his former position as Military Attaché in Paris, would have shocked some eminent members of his profession, who can be eloquently inarticulate in at least five languages. Sir Guy Donough Inchiquin and myself were happy as having as our *chauffeuse* the delicious Mme. Pol Roger. How lovely these champagne wives are! A year or two ago Sir Winston Churchill had a race-horse called *Pol Roger*. It was named after Mme. Pol Roger, for whose intelligence as for whose charm he has a great admiration. On one occasion Mme. Pol Roger was staying in London. At an early hour in the morning the telephone rang, and a voice said that the Prime Minister wished to speak to her. It was Sir Winston inviting her to lunch and to go and see her marital eponymous namesake (what a splendid mouthful!) run at Brighton. They drove down together. They were received *en prince*. *Pol Roger* ran fifth—a circumstance which dismayed the Prime Minister not a whit, but which caused exquisite embarrassment to the lady.

"It's going to be tough, Miss Meddlicott—but we're young and strong. We'll dig the good earth—we'll build . . ."

The service of dedication in the cathedral was of great beauty; the singing of the choir and the skilful floodlighting will long remain with me. Sponsored television, however, is one thing. Sponsored cathedral services are perhaps another. On the back of the charmingly printed programme were the words: "*Le vitrail est éclairé par les Lampes Mazda, avec le materiel de la munière electrique*"!

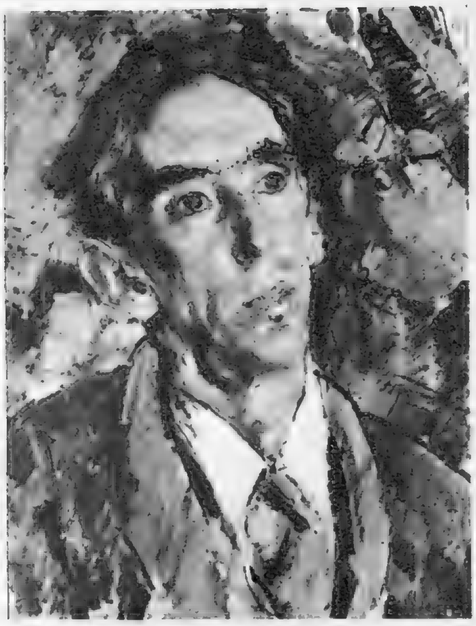
After the dinner in the ancient Abbey of Saint-Reims, Billy Wicklow was walking back to the hotel. A seedy-looking gentleman came up to him and asked him where he could find Mr. Graham Greene. Not liking the look of him, Billy was cautious and asked him who he was. "I am a detective," said the man. Wishing to protect an old friend in trouble in a foreign country, Billy still stalled. The detective said: "I must see him—my son is one of his greatest fans, and it is essential that I get his autograph."

It was pleasant, on returning from so agreeable a week-end, to find oneself confronted almost at once with Guy Prince's annual Lebègue wine-tasting. We had on view the young '52 and '53 burgundies and clarets. As I pointed out some weeks ago, the weather has been so appalling that the '54 vintage is liable to be a complete failure as far as quality is concerned. It is sad that the demand for wine is growing to such an extent that wines have scarcely an opportunity to reach a decent maturity before they become so scarce as to be prohibitive in price. We had, for example, a Château-bottled Latour '45 at lunch. It is a fine wine, but only just, to my taste, reaching its full maturity, and with many years of improving life in it. Already, however, it has a prohibitive scarcity value. My only complaint about these annual wine tastings is that one would like them to go on for a month, and examine this *embarras de richesse* with greater individual care. It is impossible to select, but among the white burgundies I was greatly struck by a Chevalier Montrachet 1949—to my taste a quite exceptional wine.

Among the guests, I met for the first time for many years Evelyn Shuckburgh, now head of the Middle Eastern Department of the Foreign Office, and who was until recently Principal Private Secretary to Anthony Eden. Evelyn and I were cramming together for the Foreign Office at Vernon Davis's more years ago that we care now to remember. In those days the Foreign Office examination—assuming a fairly high general level of competence among the contestants—often yielded its prizes to those who paid attention to the duller subjects, such as, for example, "Everyday Science," which carried with it, shall we say, 100 marks. At Davis's there was a splendid little man who taught us Everyday Science. I remember him once saying in his Lancashire accent: "Ee. Well, to-day we are going to do heat, light, magnetism, the internal economy of the magneto, the internal economy of the human frame—also plants. Ee, I know this sounds an ambitious programme, but let's begin." And in the subsequent hour the wiser among us learnt all that was necessary in order to become a future H.B.M. Ambassador. An extra forty marks gained here, and on such a subject as "Present Day," might well put you ahead for the rest of your career of somebody whose languages and whose main subjects were roughly on the same level.

I AM sorry that I completely forgot to go to the auction organised at Sothebys in aid of the Greek Earthquake Appeal. Mutual friends who did go seem to have widely differing views as to whether I missed much. Some point to the admirable efforts of Mr. Peter Ustinov, others to the folly of charging 10s. a head for drinks at a party at which there were a lot of young people. Some seem to have been amused by the organisers' little jokes, such as persuading the guests to buy small scrolls at 10s. a time, on which something indecipherable was written, others appear to have been not a little irritated. Many appear to have been mystified as to what it was all about. I can tell them. One of the organisers told me yesterday that the hieroglyphics were jolly little jokes in Greek, such as "boo snubs," or "that had you, didn't it?" I gather, though, that some £10,000 was raised, so the end obviously justified what sounds like the somewhat curious means. Meanwhile, it is sad to hear that the majority of the Ionian islanders look like facing yet another winter without permanent accommodation. If the Greek Government hadn't spent so much time on Cyprus, the story might have been different.

DEAUVILLE, LE SECHAGE DES VOILES: By Raoul Dufy.
(Bought in 1950 from the Grant-in-Aid.)



JOSEPH HONE: By Augustus John.
(Bought in 1946 from the Knapping Fund.)

Seventeen Years at the Tate Gallery

This month, the Trustees of the Tate Gallery have published a review of the Gallery's activities from 1938 to the present time. The Tate has been the subject of some discussion recently, and we hope to do our readers a service by noting, on this page, some of the points made in the review and reproducing some few of the pictures that the Trustees have bought during the period.

The function of the Tate Gallery is to maintain and develop collections of British Painting, and of Modern Foreign Painting and Sculpture. In addition, it acts as a gallery in which special exhibitions may be held; many of these have been arranged in conjunction with the Arts Council; perhaps the most spectacularly successful was that in 1947-48 of the work of Van Gogh. Its collection of British Painting, though there are inevitable gaps, stretches from the work of George Gower, Sergeant Painter to Queen Elizabeth I., to that of young men still in their twenties, and buying goes on to extend the representation and fill the gaps: the collections of Turner and Blake are unrivalled. Money for the Gallery's operations come from a number of bequests and trust funds, which are supplemented by a Grant-in-Aid from Parliament, which (for 1953-54) was increased to £6,250. The Tate, which is the largest picture gallery in the British Commonwealth, and does the work that, in most other countries, might be done by three separate galleries (one for National Painting, one for Modern Painting, and one for Temporary Exhibitions), not only operates on a very small budget, but has been so under-staffed that it has had to make use of voluntary attachés, serving for six months at a time.

The pictures on this page have all been bought in the period under review. In the *Report* of the Gallery (published by H.M. Stationery Office at 3s. 6d.) there are reproductions of others, together with a complete list of all acquisitions, bought or bequeathed.

NUDE, FITZROY STREET NO. I:
By Sir Matthew Smith.
(Bought in 1952 from the Chantrey Bequest.)

VOYAGES OF THE MOON:
By Paul Nash.
(Bought in 1951 from the Knapping Fund.)

VANESSA BELL : By Duncan Grant.
(Bought in 1943 from the Knapping Fund.)

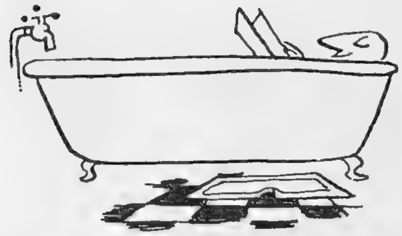
EZRA POUND : By Wyndham Lewis.
(Bought in 1939 from the Knapping Fund.)

The Knapping Fund *is the residuary estate of Miss Helen Margaret Knapping, bequeathed in* 1935 *to the Trustees of the National Gallery, and made available to the Tate Gallery since* 1939 *; the moneys are for the purchase of work by artists of any nationality living at or within twenty-five years of the time of purchase.* The Courtauld Fund *was a sum of £50,000 transferred in 1923 by Mr. Samuel Courtauld to Trustees under Deed for the purchase for the Tate Gallery of work by artists from a list specified in the Deed. Other funds available are the* Benson Fund *(given unconditionally),* the Cleve Fund, the Charles Kerr Bequest *and the* Royal Academy Gift Fund, *all for the purchase of pictures by British artists.*

FRANCIS BECKFORD : By Sir Joshua Reynolds.
(Bought in 1947 from the Grant-in-Aid.)

DAPHNE : By Stanley Spencer.
(Bought in 1940 from the Knapping Fund.)

Our Bookshelf



THE BAFUT BEAGLES. By Gerald Durrell.
(Rupert Hart-Davis ; 15s.)

A HISTORY OF COURTING. By E. S. Turner.
(Michael Joseph ; 15s.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

RARELY can I be seduced into reading a volume of African adventure, and had I not luckily opened *The Bafut Beagles* at an illustration of two Brow-leaf Toads being cleaned up by Pavlova, a Patas monkey with maternal instincts, the very title of this book would have put me right off, for it does sound rather like one of those terribly funny hunting yarns. However, now that I know better, Gerald Durrell's truly enchanting record of an expedition to the Cameroons in search of rarer specimens of wild animal stays with me for ever and a day. Apart from my unholy passion for the captured Brow-leafs who waddled out of the basket on to the floor—" *with all the indignation and dignity of a couple of Lord Mayors who had been accidentally locked in a public lavatory,*" I fell in love with the Fon of Bafut, a fantastic personality who ruled the black population of his great grassland kingdom " *with an intelligent if slightly despotic cunning,*" and proved extremely helpful when handled with the tact and delicacy which are among Mr. Durrell's special accomplishments ; together with a talent for conversing with amazing fluency in the very odd idiom of the Fon and his countrymen :

> " *When you go for your country, sometime you go tell your people de Fon of Bafut na your friend, and 'e done get you all dis fine beef, eh ?* "
>
> " *I go tell um all,*" *I promised,* " *and I go tell um dat de Fon be fine hunter man, better pass all hunter for Cameroons.*"

This Fon, however, was not only a benign host. . . . " *If a man has hunting for his eyes, his nose and his blood, he never gets too old to go to bush,*" and perhaps our most exciting glimpse of him is when one night he discards his cumbersome robes and pointed shoes, and barefoot and happy, leads his guest to a valley where they squat and watch the trees for galagos —(in Bafut known as Shillings)—a little furry leprechaun with tremendous round dark eyes, and clad in a coat of greenish grey. Among the exotic collection brought back to England, a resistance army who yielded either to Mr. Durrell's persuasive charm or to his experienced technique, probably the galagos alone did not leave on their captor the mark of sharp little teeth. Indeed, in a narrative where every page is crammed with novelty, being bitten gets mentioned as the only monotonous daily event ; bitten by every variety and size of animal ; bitten deep and bitten shallow ; bitten through nets and from holes and tree-tops ; Mr. Durrell's nonchalant reactions to this slight inconvenience are most impressive to a quiet stay-at-home ; and when once he did nearly die of a bite from a poisonous snake, we were tempted to shout " I told you so ! "

In the chapter called *Zoo Under Canvas*, we were able to take a stroll at leisure, so to speak, and assisted by the delightful and apparently unstudied illustrations of Mr. Ralph Thompson, take stock of the whole motley assembly. Our Award for Strangeness goes to the Flying Mice—(a tragedy that none of them survived the journey home) ; our Award for Winsome Charm is won, I think, by Sweeti-Pie, a Black-eared Squirrel, a mere baby, whose chief delight consisted of mischievously inciting a crowd to chase him, and then be found innocently asleep in his cage after slipping home a different way ; once, his dupes were a gang of convicts from the local prison who enthusiastically dropped their kerosene tins and rushed off into the bushes—" *closely followed by their warder, who discarded both truncheon and hat in case they hampered his movements.*" Award for Outrageous Behaviour is carried off by a wilderness of joyous monkeys, only alike in having a too abundant sense of humour and absolutely no sense of decency whatsoever. An Award for something that I personally choose to call Beauty, a *je-ne-sais-quoi* which at least might be termed beauty-inverted, goes to the Brow-leaf Toad. And a final Award for good-tempered endurance and love of animals unanimously voted to Gerald Durrell.

DORIS LESLIE (LADY FERGUSSON HANNAY).
The authoress of the historical novel *A Toast to Lady Mary* (Hutchinsons ; 15s.) pictured with her prize-winning bulldog, *Matador of Mochrum*, outside Colesgrove, the delightful seventeenth-century manor house in Hertfordshire where she lives with her distinguished physician husband, Sir Walter Fergusson Hannay.

WE have just been surveying a history of animals behaving (almost) like humans ; *A History of Courting* is a pageant of humans behaving (almost) like animals ; by which, of course, we do not mean just bawdily, but showing down the ages their gradual acquisition of extreme outward propriety, only to discard it again with loud whoopees. In a brief review we can hardly do more than recommend readers to glance at the provocative variety of items listed in the Index : " *Cavemen, Celibacy and Champagne* " ; and a little further on : " *Deck chairs, Defoe, Daniel* " ; " *Eyes, potency of* " and " *Gardens, wickedness in.*" Presently, from asking ourselves " Can there be enough in this subject to fill a book ? " we begin to wonder how the author can expect to cram it all in, as Mr. Turner's research carries us right through the Caveman period, into the Middle Ages, on to the Edwardians, via Wells and *The Young Visiters* to Elinor Glyn and James Thurber, from rural bundling (called by the Puritans " filthy dalliance ") to petting and spooning (the subtle differences exactly defined), and thence to the dating and necking of our own era. From all this, one definite thing emerges : that people cannot or will not leave courtship alone ; they must write of it, cater for it, sing of it, define it, legislate on it, exclaim at it, minister to it, or be shocked by it.

Mr. Turner's range of investigation is quite staggering ; already in his Introduction he has reminded us how Casanova had put the whole thing in a nutshell : " *Human creatures would not perform the work of generation if they did not find pleasure in it* "—but several hundredweight of nuts would not provide nearly enough shells to accommodate all the data he has collected : from the Dictionary for Lovers offered by one Mr. Devereux to supply a dainty Language of Flowers as an antidote to unseemly romping—(*I esteem but do not love you* can be said only in spiderwort !)—to a later era when, in the comfortable darkness of the cinema, lovers were given useful hints for their greater proficiency : " *The Valentino manner . . . calls for a peculiar talent to smoulder consumptively, with nostrils flared.*"

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

NEVER VICTORIOUS, NEVER DEFEATED.
By Taylor Caldwell. *(Collins ; 15s.)*

CHARLOTTE FAIRLIE.
By D. E. Stevenson. *(Collins ; 12s. 6d.)*

BEN NEVIS GOES EAST.
By Compton Mackenzie. *(Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE FLINT ANCHOR.
By Sylvia Townsend Warner.
(Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.)

FORSAKEN ALTARS.
By Marguerite D'Alvarez. *(Rupert Hart-Davis ; 21s.)*

LOVE OF SEVEN DOLLS.
By Paul Gallico. *(Michael Joseph ; 6s.)*

DANCING OUT OF BALI.
By John Coest. *(Faber and Faber ; 21s.)*

LIFE IN CAMBRIDGE.
By Louis T. Stanley. *(Hutchinson; 21s.)*

THE PICTURE OF EVEREST.
By Alfred Gregory. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 42s.)*

Mrs. William Hartley, of Wentworth, Surrey, and Swan Court, Chelsea.

Mrs. E. Hartley Leather, whose husband opened the Chelsea exhibition.

PAINTINGS BY IRENE HEATH

Many of our readers will undoubtedly know the delightful little children's books written and illustrated by Irene Heath. It will probably come as a surprise to them to discover that the same Miss Heath is a highly-talented portrait painter, as can be seen by these three samples of her work which are contained in the Chelsea Art Society's eighth annual exhibition at the Chenil Galleries, opened last Saturday (October 16th) by Mr. E. Hartley ("Ted") Leather, M.P. Miss Heath, who lives in a charming old house in Chelsea and works in a very fine studio which she herself built in its garden, painted a number of portraits in America last year, and held a very successful individual exhibition in New Orleans before her return to this country.

THE MILLIGAN FAMILY. A delightful study of the children of Mr. Wyndham Milligan, the newly-appointed headmaster of Radley College. Mr. Milligan was previously housemaster of Wotton House, Eton College, which forms the background of the painting.

Strictly Biographical: 18.

By Louis T. Stanley

M. Mendes-France

M. MENDES-FRANCE, the French Premier who presided over the death of a European Defence Community, is a political enigma. He is unpredictable. Not until the very end of the recent London conference was it possible to assume that diplomatic agreement had been reached. Those who were present will not soon forget the tension when, after the British undertaking had altered the prospects of the conference as a whole, the French Premier declared that he did not, after all, agree to the terms of the vital arms control. A solution was eventually found, but, even now, nothing can be taken for granted.

It is pertinent to ask what kind of a man is this French Premier whose power and influence can sway such vital issues. I had the opportunity of studying the personality of Pierre Mendès-France from close quarters during the London conference. We met in the President's Room in the French Embassy. He proved a remarkable man. Within the range of his knowledge and interests, his mind was like a frictionless working machine. His knowledge was vast and detailed, his memory impeccable. Every fact seemed to be classified and docketed in his mind, ready for immediate use. His industry is phenomenal; his nervous strength apparently inexhaustible. After a day of tense conferences preceded by private talks with the German Chancellor, I asked if he felt tired. "Tired," replied the Premier, "I 've heard people say they 're tired, but I don't know what it is. I 've never been tired."

His incisive and precise speech tends to kill conversation except argument. His manner stifles all emotion except respect or anger. His own deep feelings on public issues are under iron control. The clash of temperament between him and Mr. Foster Dulles is as great as between the two national policies for which they stand; and public controversies appear further exacerbated by seeming mutual personal dislike.

I would say that what the French Premier does not know exactly, he does not know at all. For him it does not exist. His facts and his ideas are like sharp flints, gathering no moss, susceptible to no external impact, cutting through all the softer matter they encounter. He is a lawyer with his brief and will not look beyond it. Impeccable in personal integrity, austere in his own life, M. Mendès-France is a patriot Shylock, exacting for his country the last ounce of flesh and blood, whatever the consequences for his relations with his Allies or the ultimate future of Europe and the world.

Once before he chose the lone path. He joined the first Provisional Government of liberated France as Minister for National Economy. Seven months later he resigned in protest, when he could not persuade General de Gaulle to adopt his plan for curing inflation by a drastic currency reform on the Belgian model. That was the beginning of his national reputation . . . and of nine years in the wilderness. In June, 1953, he tried for the first time to form a Cabinet and failed by only thirteen votes to obtain the investiture of the National Assembly.

Recall the international scene six months ago. The Geneva conference was floundering and France was faced with an apparently hopeless Government crisis. Then a forty-seven-year-old Radical Deputy, the son of a Jewish manufacturer from Limoges, respected and feared as a harsh critic of the dilatory methods of previous Governments, shocked the helpless National Assembly into giving him a substantial majority by the promise that he would end the seven-and-a-half years' war in Indo-China within one month, and that this would herald the beginning of a New Deal to restore health and vitality to the French body politic. American reaction was sceptical. There was talk of a reversal of alliances because the Communists had voted for this apostle of peace, though he rejected their support. Experienced politicians and diplomats expressed doubt as to the wisdom of the boast.

They had to eat their words. The personality of the new man dramatically transformed the French and international scenes. The wager succeeded. The drain imposed on French manpower and resources by a heart-breaking war ended. Among the French people the murmurs of suspicion gave way to unconcealed pleasure at seeing French diplomacy invigorated with new life and forthright clarity. An unwonted belief in the leadership so different from the usual run of temporising and manœuvring politicians emerged slowly, like a new island, out of a flood of cynical doubt.

AND so to the London conference. The solution reached on that notable occasion depends in part upon French ratification, and French ratification in turn depends not only on the views of that most unpredictable body, the National Assembly, but upon an acceptable answer to the considerable omissions that are still in the agreement. Later negotiations may yet invalidate the work already done. M. Mendès-France made final concurrence conditional on a solution of the Saar problem. Virtually no progress towards it was made in London, whilst the text of the London agreement on arms control has many loopholes. Elaboration may yet rouse the opposition to hasty action.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the French Premier gained a great deal by the London agreements. He won his special point that German rearmament should be subject to specific limitation and control. Western Germany gave up any claim to manufacture what are now known as the ABC weapons—atomic, bacteriological and chemical; restrictions were accepted on the output of heavy armaments of normal type; whilst the E.D.C. proposal that German forces should be limited to twelve divisions was adopted. M. Mendès-France also extracted the German promise not to employ force in trying to achieve unity or to alter Germany's frontiers, neither is there danger of his country being committed to a European organisation dominated militarily or exploited politically by the Germans. In return the only price that the French Premier was asked to pay was agreement to Germany's entry into N.A.T.O., a concession won under Mr. Eden's persuasion in Paris before the London conference began.

Even so, there is widespread fear, not only in America, but in the countries of Western Europe, that France may fail to take her place in the strengthened alliance. Reflection suggests that no French statesman can rearm Germany without more than a twinge of uneasiness, whilst, when it comes to the point, no safeguards can prevent the Germans at some time in the future from demanding that the allies withdraw their troops. If M. Mendès-France is obsessed by the menace of a resurgent Germany, his apprehensions are justified by what has happened in the past. Before indulging in criticism it might be well to recall the recent words of President Eisenhower, "We must guard against the dangerous assumption that other nations, as our allies, are bound to do what we want. They have never bound themselves in this sense, nor have we."

TO-DAY M. Mendès-France sees himself as the incarnate will of France. He has no political machine behind him. His own Radical group looks upon him as a dangerous outsider. His success in the country is eyed with envious suspicion by the parliamentary veterans of all parties. His programme is certain to arouse the spirited resistance of both the traditional upper classes and the Communists, whose combined sabotage of every basic reform has been the fundamental cause of French decline for more than twenty years.

The verdict of the Premier's statesmanship will depend upon history's judgment on the whole of the international policy with which his name is associated. The sincerity of his convictions seems unquestionable when he speaks. In M. Mendès-France the French people have a leader whose like has not been seen in France since the war.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Our Social Diary

"Bell, Book and Candle"

I HAVE always thought of witches as being rather unattractive ladies hanging about on blasted heaths and flying through the air on broomsticks! These ideas, however, have completely changed since I went to the first night of *Bell, Book and Candle.* I thoroughly enjoyed this comedy by John van Druten at the Phœnix Theatre and the acting of all the cast, headed by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. Several leading members of the theatrical profession were among the audience, including Miss Diana Wynyard, who was looking very beautiful, Mr. Cecil Parker and Miss Pamela Brown. Other people I saw were Lady Maxwell-Fyfe, with Countess De La Warr, Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, Commander Alan Noble, M.P., and his good-looking wife, Lord and Lady Gifford, and Mr. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry.

Charity Auction at Sotheby's

AFTER seeing *Bell, Book and Candle,* I went on to Sotheby's, where an evening auction was being held in aid of the Greek Earthquake Appeal. For this, many contemporary artists had given their own works—Henry Moore, Epstein, Pietro Annigoni and Sir Matthew Smith, to mention but a few. Sir Kenneth Clarke gave a painting by Graham Sutherland, and other generous gifts from different owners included paintings and drawings by Old Masters, and a varied selection of antiques.

To my great disappointment I found that, because of the number of people who had come to the auction, it was virtually impossible to get into the sale-room. I enjoyed, however, meeting many friends, the excellent refreshments (these I thought a trifle expensive, despite the worthiness of the cause), and hearing a brilliantly funny speech by Mr. Peter Ustinov. I afterwards heard that the proceeds of sale realised nearly £10,000, and great credit is due to Lady Norton (whose husband, Sir Clifford Norton, was British Ambassador in Greece until 1951) and Mrs. John Carras, who together organised the appeal. Among the many people there were Lady Katharine Brandram and her husband, Sir David and Lady Eccles, the Countess of Dalkeith with her mother, Mrs. John McNeill; the Duchess of Rutland and Mr. J. Phrantzes, Counsellor to the Greek Embassy. I also saw Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey, who was wearing a dress of black pleated tulle; Commander Desmond Duthy, R.N., and his brother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy and their daughter Fiona; Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Baring, Miss Jennifer Brocas-Burrows with Mr. David Ashton-Bostock, and Mr. Ian Cameron, who, with many other young people, did noble work dispensing refreshments and raffle tickets.

Royal Albert Hall Reception

LORD PENDER, President of the Council of the Royal Albert Hall, was host at a cocktail party given there recently. I must confess I was surprised to see how the vast interior had been seemingly diminished with skilful lighting. The colours of the beautiful floral decorations were repeated in the candles placed in silver candelabra standing on tables laden with the most tempting delicacies.

Lady Pender was there to help entertain her husband's guests, and also their two sons, the Hon. John Denison-Pender and his brother Robin, and their married daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, and her husband. Members of the Council at the party included Sir Gerald Wollaston, Sir Ernest Makins with Lady Makins, Sir Gavin de Beer with Lady de Beer, and the Hon. William Rollo. I enjoyed meeting the Dowager Lady Swaythling, whose serenity of expression and quiet beauty always give me pleasure, Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Brooks, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, and Mr. Mordaunt Pemberton. Other guests at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, Lady Petrie, Mayor of Kensington, and Sir Charles Petrie, Mr. and Mrs Stewart, and Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield.

THE QUEEN RETURNS TO LONDON. The Royal Standard again flies over Buckingham Palace and London welcomes the return of the Royal Family to the capital. Her Majesty is with Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and Princess Margaret.

"Modern Times"

STATE Trumpeters from the Royal Horse Guards sounded a fanfare from the stage of the London Pavilion to herald the arrival of the Duchess of Gloucester at the première of the revival of the film *Modern Times.* The première was in aid of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, which has a membership of nearly 140,000 young people. I thought the film, made by Charlie Chaplin nearly twenty years ago, deliciously funny, and enjoyed it far more than some of the spectacular movies of to-day.

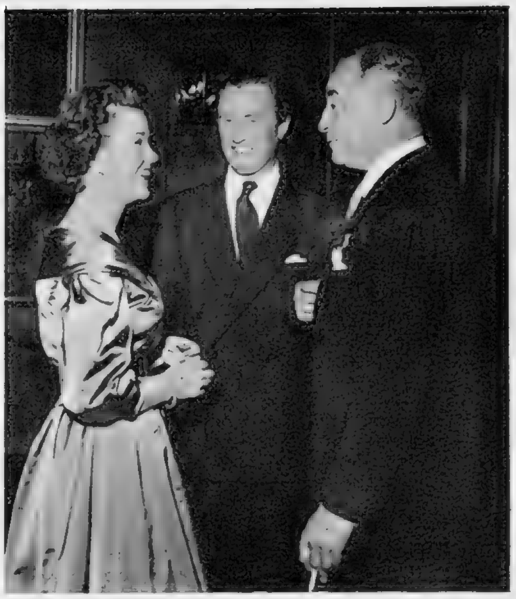
Among the audience were Lady Ravensdale, president of the Première Committee, who sat with Her Royal Highness during the performance, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and Miss Vera Grenfell, Chairman of the Association. Also Mrs. Attlee, Lord Inchcape, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale and their son Norman, and Mr. Sydney Chaplin with Miss Claire Bloom.

Sir Alfred Bossom's Reception

FROM seeing *Modern Times* I went to the reception given by Sir Alfred Bossom at his house in Carlton Gardens for members of the French Opera Ballet. Being one of the early arrivals, I was glad to have the opportunity of telling my host how much I enjoyed seeing his collection of Arts and Crafts of the British Columbian Indians, now on view at the Imperial Institute. The exhibition had been opened the previous week by the High Commissioner for Canada, Sir Norman Robertson. The collection is unique of its kind, and was started by Sir Alfred during his first visit to the Klondyke some years ago.

Members of the Ballet at the reception that evening included M. Serge Lifar, Mme. Yvette Chauvire and M. Michel Renault, and I had the pleasure of meeting Mme. Madeleine Lafon and M. Pierre Lacotte. I also met Captain Doric Bossom, Sir Alfred's younger son, whose wife was also at the party, and Group-Captain Guy

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE. The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Society, received the guests with the Duchess at the annual dinner held at the Savoy Hotel. Lord Vansittart was Guest of Honour.



SPANISH EMBASSY RECEPTION. H.E. the Spanish Ambassador held a reception at the Embassy to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of the Continent of America. An account of the reception appears on this page. *Left :* Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson being welcomed by the Ambassador. *Right :* Lady Edith Foxwell (*left*) and Lady George Scott.

du Boulay and his charming American wife. Other guests included the French and Belgian Ambassadors ; Mr. Walton Butterworth, the American Minister, and his wife ; Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton, Major Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood, and Lady Dashwood.

Wedding

AUTUMN sunshine streamed through the windows of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, for the wedding of Miss Philippa Wilson to Mr. David Bradstock. The bride, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. " Boy " Wilson, was given away by her father, and wore a lovely full-skirted dress of white embroidered organdie. Her tulle veil was surmounted by a diamond tiara (a family heirloom) and she carried a mixed bouquet of stephanotis and lily-of-the-valley.

Mr. Michael Bradstock acted as best man to his brother, and his young son James was page. The latter had an enchanting little bridesmaid to keep him company, Jane Dolby, the daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Dolby. Possibly thinking her companion looked unduly solemn during the service, Jane raised his hand and kissed it twice ! James, however, with truly British phlegm, continued to gaze stolidly ahead. Four grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Gillian Hewitt, Miss Rhona King, Miss Lucinda Pennington and Miss Cylla Mount, wore very pretty dresses of mushroom organza with velvet sashes that toned with their bouquets of cyclamen and roses, and their wreaths of nerina lilies.

The bouquets and the lovely flowers in the church and at the reception afterwards, had all been arranged by a friend of the family, Mrs. Margaret Houghton.

After the wedding ceremony, which was conducted by the Archdeacon of Chichester, the bride's parents held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. With Major and Mrs. George Bradstock, the bridegroom's parents, they welcomed their guests, who numbered nearly 500. I met Sir Laurence and Lady Dunne (who is an aunt of the bride), and we compared the different circumstances of our last meeting—a singularly unpleasant air raid during the war. Their daughter, Mrs. von Halle, was also at the wedding, and other young friends of the bridal couple included

ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY. Mr. David Bradstock and his bride, the former Miss Philippa Wilson. An account of the wedding appears on this page.

the Earl and Countess of March, Mrs. Edward Spooner, the Hon. Mrs. John Lindesay-Bethune, Mr. John Wauchope and his sister Mary, and Miss " Tid " Campbell, whom I saw talking to Mr. Obby Waller. Mr. Robin Wilson, the bride's brother, was an usher at the wedding.

Other guests included Sir Charles and Lady Harman, Mrs. Shephard, Colonel and Mrs. Hewitt, Major and Mrs. Alec Lockwood, Lady Ley and Mrs. Esmé Wilson.

Reception at the Spanish Embassy

THE beautiful reception rooms at the Spanish Embassy, hung with their exquisite tapestries and softly lit by candles, were filled with guests at the reception given by the Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, who was still welcoming new arrivals when I left some two hours after the reception had started. This was to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of the Continent of America.

Many representatives of the diplomatic world were present, and I saw M. Massigli, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, the Ambassador of Finland and Mme. Soravuo, and the Venezuelan Ambassador with Mme. Rodriguez-Travieso and their daughters. I thought that Mme. Mendoza, who came with her husband, the Cuban Ambassador, looked as lovely as ever, wearing a striking black dress with a high shawl collar. Other guests at the reception included Archbishop Myers, the Hon. George Ward, Under-Secretary of State for Air, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, the Countess of Gainsborough, and Sir Alexander Fleming. Also, Sir John Rothenstein, Lord and Lady Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Walton Butterworth, and Sir Harry Brittain.

Ascot

A LOVELY sunny afternoon made racing on the Saturday of the October meeting at Ascot very pleasant indeed. It was the last time racing was run over the existing course ; by next year this will have been incorporated into the stand enclosures, giving much-needed extra room. The most valuable race of the afternoon, the Cumberland Lodge Stakes, was won by Sir Victor Sassoon's *Elopement*, who was second in the St. Leger, and there was an exciting race for the Cornwallis Stakes, won by *Lark*, owned by the Earl of Rosebery, after a photo-finish, against *Touch*, owned by Mrs. Lionel Montagu.

Among the many people racing I saw the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Lord Herbert, and his wife, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, and Sir Piers and Lady Legh. Pretty girls included the Hon. Janet Hamilton, who was with her mother, Lady Hamilton of Dalzell ; Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans and her sister, Miss Moya Harrison, and Miss Sally Russell. I also saw Sir Robert and Lady Renwick, Mr. and Mrs. John Cookson with Mr. and Mrs. Neil Robertson, and Sir John Reynolds.

Forthcoming Event

Royal National Lifeboat Institution : Mrs. Alexander Eddy is chairman of the Bridge and Canasta party which is being held at the May Fair Hotel on Wednesday evening, November 10th, in aid of the Institution. Tables may be reserved at Lifeboat House, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Helena

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Quite a Lot of Witches

THE first thing I noticed in *Bell, Book, and Candle* was that the occupants of the Knightsbridge flat did not like reading. There were books, certainly ; but they were so high up that one needed a library ladder. Probably it was simple enough. If you are a witch, I dare say you just whistle a book down to you ; and, in any event, the owner of the flat—who was undeniably a witch—kept her most important work, a manual of the Black Art, in a snugly-concealed cupboard.

I did not see a broomstick. Perhaps they are out of fashion among everyday witches. The two practitioners we meet—a young woman called Gillian Holroyd, who is an expert, and her aunt, who is a dabbler—have not strayed from the Old Vic. They are the kind of people you might meet any day between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington High Street. Indeed, they might very well sit next to you on a 'bus or on the Underground. If your neighbour starts to draw pentacles or to mutter in Latin, take care—though I am bound to say that at the Phœnix Theatre there is hardly a tag and I cannot remember a pentacle.

It has been kind of Mr. van Druten to admit us to the witching hour—to tell us what we have always half-suspected, that warlocks and witches are at work around every corner. It makes a generally amusing night, though by the third act the dramatist's invention is thinning—he has kept himself to five people and to one set—and we could scream for a visit from the chief of the Ealing coven, the deplorable Mrs. de Pass. She is, I am sure, a genuine character in the exuberant likeness of, say, Miss Rutherford, desperately at work in the outer suburbs. Good ; but why not bring her to the stage ?

We can understand John van Druten's problem. The witchcraft idea might have been broadened into a reach-me-down farce. Bits of farce that seem comic in theory can be dire in practice, and the dramatist has striven to keep his play free from the dubious superfluity. In doing so he has risked running short of material, and the third act of *Bell, Book, and Candle* is very slight.

Still, for two-thirds of the play and much of the performance, let us be grateful. Lilli Palmer does not wear a beard ; she is neither wither'd nor wild in her attire ; and my thumbs do not prick when she approaches. Even so, she is a good, sound witch (new style) and my only complaint is about the lack of noticeable difference between the witch and the woman : the sorceress with Siamese cat (a familiar called Pyewacket), and Miss Holroyd of Knightsbridge in love.

She is in love with a publisher. We see the oddest publishers on the stage from time to time ; but this one would be a welcome guest at the annual dinner of the National Book League. He has Rex Harrison's charm ; and he is amusing, witty—the adjectives are not always synonymous—and much too useful a citizen to be snared by cauldron-work. I am always talking about the art of timing which means so much to a comedy of this kind ; when you go to the Phœnix, observe Mr. Harrison.

The other people in Mr. van Druten's hand of five are an aunt (Athene Seyler) who sees the Black Art as a kind of jolly parlour-game ; the witch's brother (David Evans), who is going to be an uncommonly nasty warlock one of these days ; and, my favourite, Wilfrid Lawson, as an author who has strayed into the Magic Circle, and who finds that the lot of a clumsy researcher can be hard. When a witch is angry, leap out of her path. Mr. Lawson, in the last act, does—red-faced, timidly apologetic, high-stepping aside, and blurting out his regrets as if his mouth were full of hot buttered muffin. I like this Mr. Sidney Redlitch exceedingly, and I wish that Mr. van Druten could be persuaded to write about him at full length. And may I hope, too, that the next van Druten play we meet over here is *The Druid Circle* ? If it acts as it reads . . . but I may be repeating myself.

TO PLAY AT THE WIGMORE HALL ON NOVEMBER 1st. "The Queen of her Domain," as the Americans call her, Mildred Dilling's position as the foremost woman harpist is acknowledged by critics the world over. The charm of her playing and her wonderful personality will captivate everyone who sees her: we ourselves are quite convinced she is a siren.

IT was a little startling to come upon a comedy of witchcraft so soon after "the glow and flicker of fire" that reddened the May daylight at the end of *Saint Joan*. I said once that to hold, as some have been doing, that Shaw cannot live in the history of English drama, is to become a householder in the village that voted the earth was flat. Those who meet *Joan* for the first time, at the Arts Theatre Club, can realise its quality even if the revival is up-and-down. Down-and-up may be better ; the performance develops with the night, and the Irish actress, Siobhan McKenna, who begins thinly and Peter-Pannishly, grows most movingly into Joan during the Trial Scene, and during the last act, among the spectres, on that "restless, fitfully windy night, full of summer lightning." Here we see her, for once, not in Joan's gleaming armour, but as the peasant of Domrémy, though Miss McKenna (who might spell herself Shivaun, for the sake of our stumbling tongues) looks, in her red dress, like a girl of Connemara. There were two redoubtable performances in the John Fernald production : Douglas Wilmer's Warwick, soul of mediæval diplomacy ; and Charles Lloyd Pack as the Inquisitor, flexible steel.

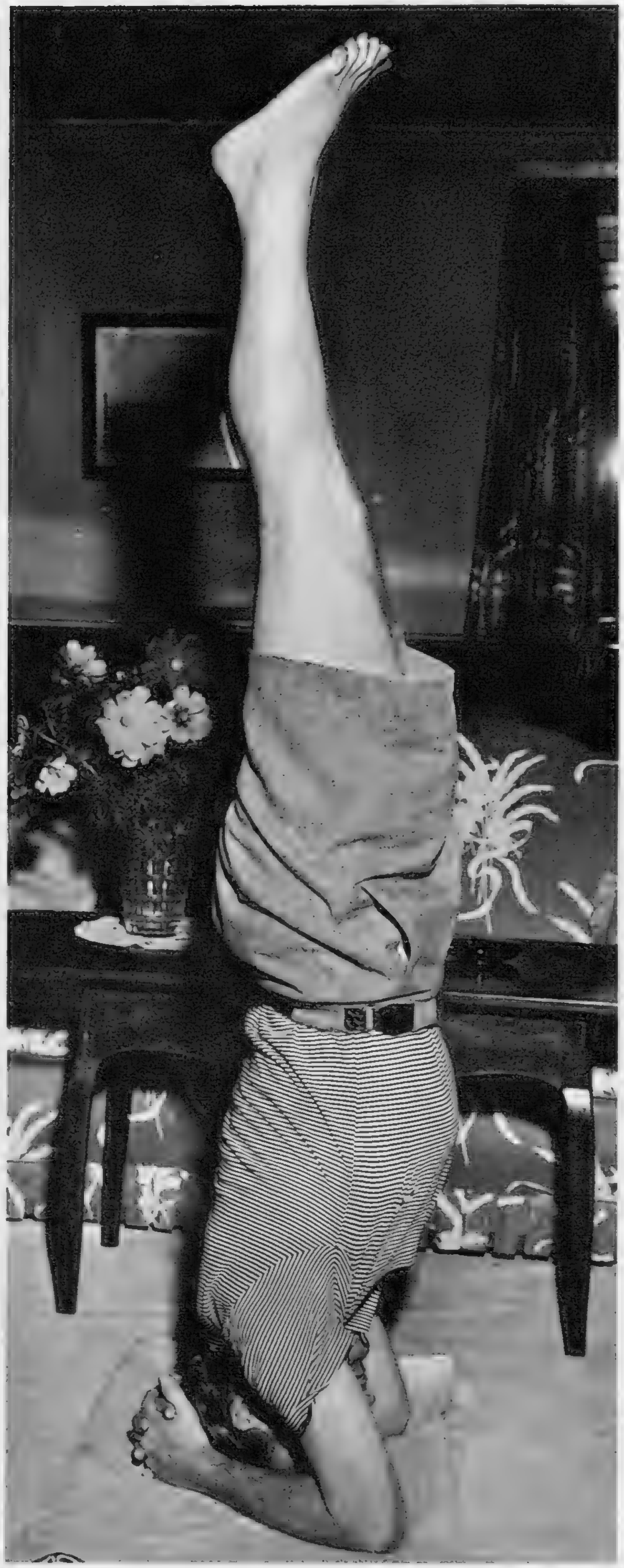
ALTHOUGH one or two writers have been sniffy about *Oxford Accents* (New Watergate), it seems to me to be as likeable an intimate revue as we have had for some time. Its librettists—Jeremy Bullmore is the most prolific—have not striven, with wild-eyed desperation, to be "witty." Far better, they are amusing and, where needed, graceful. They are satirical without being offensive ; and they are quite prepared to stick straws in the hair and to let the world slip. Seventy-five per cent. of the evening is delightful. It is a pity that the Watergate run is restricted ; but we (many of us) have been glad to meet such artists as Margaret Smith—witch-in-chief—Philip Thomas, who can be very funny in a voice something between a twitter and a chirrup, and David Leighton, who is apt to be uncommonly grave about it all. Personally, I shall remember the strip-saga, or epic, of the sleepy fireman ; the horrors of a Drama Quartet reading (a very Russian comedy) on a choppy Atlantic crossing ; and Miss Smith's assurance in such a lyric as *Première*, written by Ned Sherrin who, with Mr. Bullmore, devised the revue and directed it.

It is worth seeing a tough drama, *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* (New Lindsey), for the sake of two performances by American players, Mary Scott—Lady Hardwicke in private life—and Leo Penn (*not* Genn : the names are bound to be confused over here). I cannot recommend *April Plays The Fool* (Embassy), which for me was a yawning void. And since *Princess Ida* (Savoy) has already been celebrated in *The Sketch*, I need only add that, long after our fashionable musicals have drifted into oblivion, Gilbert-and-Sullivan will still be flourishing. This is wit that does survive, in libretto and score, though, with most Savoy-lovers, I would not put *Ida* among the first half-dozen of the imperishables.

PORTRAIT OF MISS MOOREHEAD

RIGHT-WAY-UP

Blonde, blue-eyed and beautiful, Tennessee-born Jean Moorehead has been displaying her talent and charm in films and fashion photographs since the tender age of twelve. A beauty queen several times over, Jean loves swimming, riding and tennis, which no doubt help her to keep that lovely figure. Keeping young by Yoga has not yet become one of her pursuits: even now, this veteran of the screen is only nineteen.



PORTRAIT OF MISTER MENUHIN

UPSIDE DOWN

Yehudi Menuhin began his career at an even earlier age. He started playing the violin at five and has since played with most of the world's conductors and orchestras. Two years ago, thirty-eight-year-old Yehudi became interested in Yoga. Now he follows the great masters' teachings most assiduously: here, he performs "Sirschasana," held to supply the brain with blood and thus stimulate the mental processes.

1. "*Jack will go halves for d'ha horse.*" Siobhan McKenna's Irish peasant Joan already begins to convince Robert de Baudricourt (Kevin Stoney) that he must send her to the Dauphin at Chinon. Squire Bertrand de Poulengey (Barry Cassin) has offered to escort her.

2. At Chinon, Joan puts heart into the Dauphin (Kenneth Williams), so that he defies his Chamberlain, and appoints Joan to command the armies. She promises that she will crown him at Reims.

4. The Earl of Warwick (Douglas Wilmer—*centre*) wants Joan executed for political reasons. The Bishop of Beauvais (Oliver Burt) wants her executed for religious reasons. Chaplain John de Stogumber (David March—*left*) wants her executed because she is defeating English soldiers.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

Saint Joan

John Fernald's production of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* may be seen at the Arts Theatre Club until the end of its limited run on October 31st. Thereafter, there is some possibility that it may transfer to one of the commercial theatres of the West End in mid-November, but this is not, as we write these lines, certain, and we present our pictures of the play as a record of a moving theatrical experience.

For there is no doubt—and critics not always unanimous have been agreed on this—that this performance of Joan by Miss Siobhan McKenna is an experience ; and genuine theatrical experience, which sends shivers roaming around one's bones, is rare in these and any days. Miss McKenna moves about the stage like a flame. Sometimes the other characters take fire from her ; sometimes she burns them up, so that one sighs for a company to match her, in which one would see Sir John Gielgud as the Inquisitor, Mr. Alec Guinness as the Dauphin, Mr. Paul Scofield as Dunois, and Mr. John Clements as the Earl of Warwick.

If the play should transfer, London will see three Joans in six months, since Ingrid Bergman opens as the Joan of Claudel and Honegger at the Stoll to-night (October 20th) and Dorothy Tutin is expected to play in a translation by Christopher Fry of Jean Anouilh's *L'Alouette* early next year.

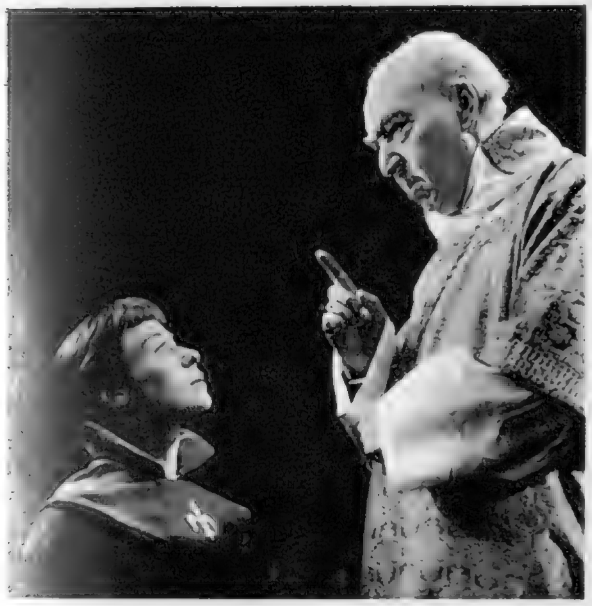
Photographs by Houston Rogers.

6. Captured and brought before the Inquisition, worn-out and worried, Joan submits and signs the recantation of her "heresies" that Brother Martin (Desmond Jordan) has prepared. The Inquisitor (Charles Lloyd Pack—*right*) pronounces the sentence of the Court—Life Imprisonment.

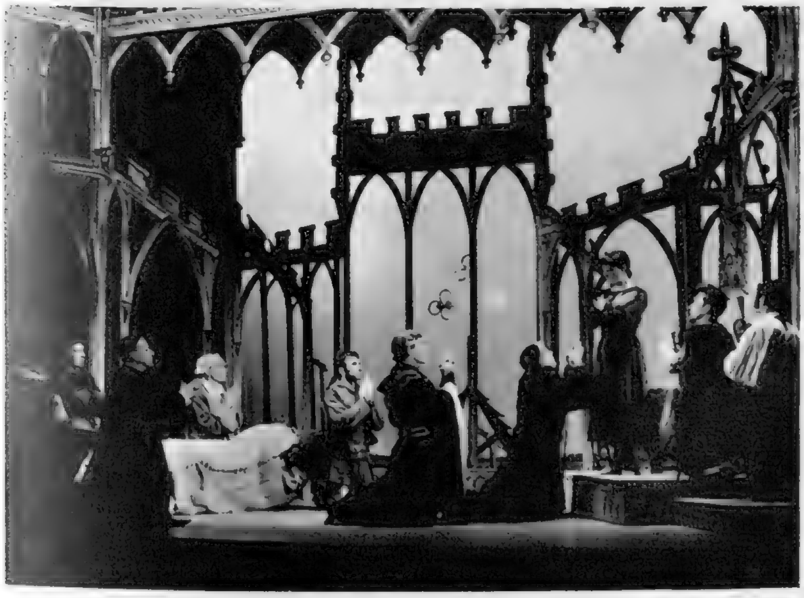
7. Joan tears up her recantation, and is hurried to the fire. The Earl of Warwick prefers to avoid such sights. But Chaplain John has seen her being burned. He is horrified, frightened and pathetically ashamed.

3. Before Orleans, Dunois (Peter Wyngarde) and his page (David Saire) whistle for the wind that will allow them to get across the river and attack the English. With Joan's arrival, God gives them a wind.

SIOBHAN McKENNA AS JOAN OF LORRAINE.



5. At Reims, Joan has crowned the Dauphin. But she has made enemies by her directness ; nobody, she is told, would save her if she fell into English hands. (The Archbishop—Frank Royde.)



8. Years later, the Dauphin, now King Charles, dreams that Joan has been made a saint. The characters of her drama fall on their knees to praise her. But none of them would have her back.

9. Left with her is only the English soldier (Barry Lowe), who is allowed one day's leave every year out of Hell for having once given a home-made cross to a girl who was being burned. When midnight calls him back to Hell, Joan is alone indeed.

Motor Show Survey

By WILLIAM HARTLEY *

ONCE again I shall be standing at a window high in the Earls Court building gazing down at Earls Court station and the constant throng pouring in on foot, in cars or taxis. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders who stage this immense draw of the Motor Show have endeavoured to ease the crush on certain days by increasing the price to £1. Whether the measure serves the purpose or merely swells the coffers remains to be seen, but I have an idea that the number who want to see the Show will be as great as ever, whatever the cost.

And I am sure they will enjoy their few hours gazing at cars which for many will be but a dream. There is something almost drug-like in standing, oblivious of the mob around, simply feasting on lovely cars and picturing oneself at the wheel.

Earls Court, 1954, seems to me to be a definite stage in the story of Motoring. The post-war car has really settled down. We see now cars that have been developed from the first post-war jobs that were in some cases a rehash of pre-war leavings. And the shape is pleasing. The full-fronted double-ended visions have not really developed and we know where we are. Colour has come to stay, and has settled down to pleasing shades and tones, which give good service and are perhaps less laborious to clean than the one-time favourite, black.

Mechanically, there is not a great deal to report. The Diesel era which threatened last year shows no signs of being with us. True, there are Diesel cars to be had, like the *Vanguard*, but I don't believe people are ready to bear the extra cost of the engine to save running costs, which are in any case spread over.

In transmissions, we find a good many are using Over-drive of the Laycock–de Normanville make, either as standard or as an extra. And very nice it is on the several I have driven. The Sunbeam *Alpine*, for instance, now fits overdrive as standard, although the price has actually dropped some £40.

Then Armstrong Siddeley have added the fully automatic gearbox to the range of *Sapphires*, making them into two-pedal cars, with other *Sapphires* using either pre-selectric gear or synchromesh.

Disc brakes come in as standard for the first time, on the Jaguar XK120 "D" type, shown as a standard competition model. Next year, there will be more of these, I am sure, because the disc brake is really good and just about ready for general incorporation.

Prices generally are not changed, unless we get a few last-minute surprises, which I do not expect. It seems, as a matter of fact, that when a new model replaces another, the price is a little higher, but no doubt this leaves a margin for future adjustment. And in some cases prices are pretty keen. The Hillman *Husky*, for instance, comes at a very keen figure. This little shooting brake *Minx*, with the well-proven side-valve engine now called the *Econimaster*, is down to the low figure of £398, plus the inevitable and accursed purchase tax which brings it to £564.

THE ULTIMATE IN MOTORING?

The most futuristic car to be seen at Earls Court is this Cadillac "*El Camino*." Our contributor is not sure about this model. "It looks interesting and I'd like to try it out. I must say it has its points and should be pretty fast. Whether I want everyone to look at me wherever I go, I am not so sure. But striking it certainly is."

But I feel that generally the car makers are offering us pretty good value for money. Large world sales have helped with this, no doubt, and of course they are all feeling the spur of competition. Extras are becoming more standard and being thrown in at the basic price. That is a trend we must all welcome, I am sure. But I still seek in vain for reserve petrol supply as standard fitting on even quite costly cars, and for some instruments that tell me what is going on. Maybe we shall get them later when competition is even keener.

NOW, to the point that seems to interest most people—What is new at Earls Court? Well, we have had quite a spate of announcements in the last couple of months. And some of them are quite exciting.

So far as I know as I write this page, the only new car to be announced to-day (October 20th—Motor Show Opening Day) is the fine Wolseley 6/90. This is a very handsome, entirely new car, well styled and finished with the usual Wolseley quality. It is reported to be fastish, too, with something like 95 m.p.h. available. It certainly is a good-looking car.

Then there is the Morris Oxford *Traveller*; this time the body is all-steel, as opposed to the ash frame used on the earlier Oxford. This all-steel job gives even more room and shows how near we are getting to the stage when all models from the big makers will have estate car versions. It certainly is my own personal choice in these busy days.

Standards have introduced their Estate Car on the *Ten*. A very nice neat job it is, too, and tremendously useful while giving almost normal car comfort when in use purely for human cargo. Incidentally, Standards have not altered the *Vanguard*, which goes on and on. The famous "8" is in original bare style or de luxe if you wish. And from the same stable comes a hard-top version of the Triumph Sports Car, the TR2. What a success this has been, with a string of class wins to its credit in its first year.

Of course, one of the centres of attraction these next ten days at Earls Court will be the Austin stand, where the new *Cambridge* is on view. The A.40 has become such a familiar car that it seems odd to have a completely new one. And it is just about the best-looking Austin I've ever seen. It has several versions.

Then there is the new *Minx*, which will collect a great cluster of people round it. The *Minx Mk. VIII. de luxe*, as it is called, has a new overhead-valve engine and a restyled front end. It should be a lively car and comes as before in three versions, saloon, convertible and the attractive *Californian*. The old engine is used for the *Husky* and in the *Minx* Special saloon and Estate Car.

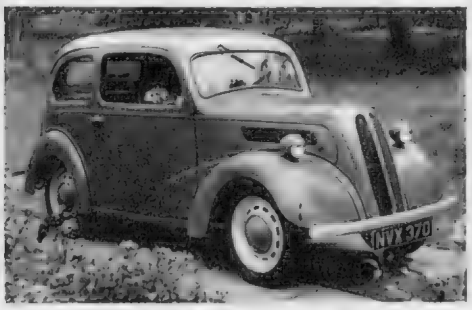
The new Singer, the *Hunter*, retaining much of the "1500," has a plastic bonnet top and side valences, reputed to add to silence. And this car, by the way, includes a good many extras, such as screenwashers, polaroid vizors and twin fog-lamps. All very welcome.

Space is running out. No mention yet of the Accessory side which is always intriguing and worth a visit. And of the magnificent cars that most of us can only gaze at and wish for—the Continental Bentley, the lovely Lagonda, the Aston Martin, and so many more. Ah, well. I am sure I know now why so many people go to the Motor Show. It is as close as many get to their Castles in the Air!

* *Our readers may like to know that our Motoring Correspondent,* Mr. William Hartley, *is, with* Mr. Raymond Baxter, *once again to describe the Motor Show for Television viewers. His commentary will be given at 3 p.m. next Saturday (October 23rd).*

"THE SKETCH" EASY GUIDE TO 1955 MODELS

On these pages we present a simplified summary of the essential features of 1955 models, most of which are on show at Earls Court, enabling readers to compare the merits of some forty makes of car in four different price groups. The price in each case is inclusive of Purchase Tax, and to the nearest £. D.H.P. represents the horse-power developed by the engine at its best speed. A.M.P.G. represents the average petrol consumption, which varies up or down according to driving methods. Max. speed represents the maximum speed under good conditions but without super-tuning of the engine. The Resale Value assessment is based on popular demand in the used-car market. Where a.m.p.g. and d.h.p. are not shown, these figures have not been made available by the manufacturers.



FORD POPULAR

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£391	30	40	60	Good

As the lowest-priced car on the market, it provides good transport for anyone, with the blessing of good service behind it.

AUSTIN A.30

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£476	30	40	63	Good

The Austin *Seven* has a lot to live up to. Nice and comfortable, it goes well.

STANDARD "EIGHT"

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£481	26	44	63	Good

Very economical motoring with surprising performance. And you can increase luxury easily if you wish.

MORRIS MINOR

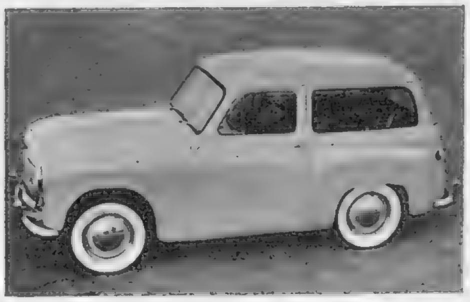
Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£529	30	40	63	Very good

A justly-renowned little car with exceptional road-holding quality.

FORD PREFECT

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£561	36	35	70	Good

A very roomy economy car with many qualities from her big sisters.



HILLMAN HUSKY

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£564	35	40	65	Fair

This sort of car is gaining favour as people find out its capabilities. A well-bred animal with good ancestry.

CITROEN 2 CV.

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£565	9	62	41	Poor

If you want to go furthest for a gallon, this is it.

AUSTIN CAMBRIDGE A.40

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£664	42	30	73	Very good

The best-looking Austin we have ever seen and sure to continue the present A.40 success.

FORD CONSUL

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£667	47	26	73	Good

About the best cornering car in its class. A happy combination of performance and economy.

HILLMAN MINX Mk. VIII. de luxe

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£681	43	33	75	Good

Yet another development of the *Minx*, which has gone from strength to strength for twenty-two years in easy stages.

VAUXHALL WYVERN

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£702	35	31	68	Good

For those who want a biggish car not too costly to run.

MORRIS OXFORD

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£744	55	32	77	Good

A roomy, well-finished car with a long-standing reputation that it is not likely to let down.

MODELS FROM £390 to £750

(Continued overleaf.)

F

"THE SKETCH" EASY GUIDE TO 1955 MODELS

FORD ZEPHYR

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£755	68	21	83	Good

A sparkling performer with first-rate road ability for the fast-moving family.

VAUXHALL VELOX

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£759	64	22	80	Good

Spacious and economical big car with a softer ride than most.

M.G. MIDGET "TF"

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£780	57.5	31	80	Very good

For the young man who cuts a dash and enjoys his open-air motoring.

WOLSELEY 4/44

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£844	46	25	72	Good

A classic line car, exceptionally well-finished for those who like nice things.

TRIUMPH TR2

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£886	90	40	110	Good

The car that has made an amazing début. The cheapest 100-mile-an-hour ride and yet not costly to run.

MG MAGNETTE

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£914	60	30	83	Good

For those who like sports-car performance with saloon comfort.

SINGER HUNTER

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£975	48	31	78	Fair

A car that follows Singer style. Not flashy in any way, but sound and true to type.

HUMBER HAWK

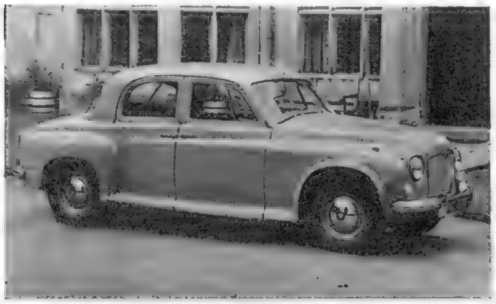
Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£985	70	22	80	Fair

Now an enlivened car, it combines to a high degree big-car space and character with reasonable economy.

SUNBEAM Mk. III.

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1127	80	22	95	Fair

Now just plain "Sunbeam," this Mark III. is Rally-bred and likes hard work.



ROVER "60"

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1163	60	28	75	Good

A Rover all through, which speaks for itself. Gives reasonable performance with plenty of room.

RILEY 1½-LITRE

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1205	55	26	75	Good

A traditional Riley, low and spritely. Handles as well as it looks.

WOLSELEY 6/90

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1205	95	—	95	Good

A completely new car we just can't wait to try. It looks well and has true Wolseley finish.

MODELS FROM £750 to £1210

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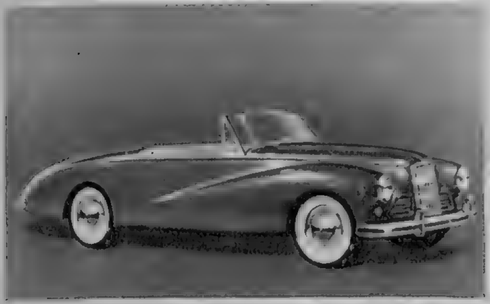


SUNBEAM ALPINE

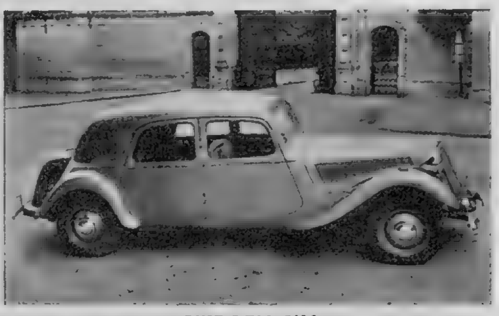
Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1212	80	28	105	Good

With overdrive now fitted as standard and the price reduced, the value is very good. A sturdy hard-worker for really fast touring.

ROVER " NINETY "

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1297	90	22	85	Good

Rover refinements, well combined with performance which results in a speedy car with quality coachwork.



CITROEN SIX

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1333	76	20	80	Fair

Characteristic. Those who run Citroens never seem to change.

RILEY PATHFINDER

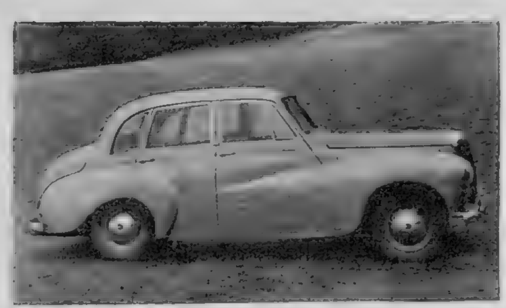
Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1382	110	20/21	102	Good

The Riley tradition brought logically and soundly right up to date. Spacious and fast.

HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1396	116	16	92	Fair

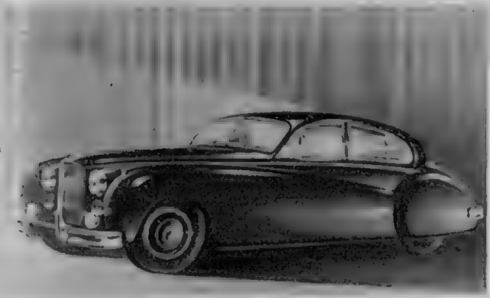
A big car that is comfort itself—very well finished—light and easy to handle, too.



DAIMLER CONQUEST SALOON

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1511	75	21	81	Good

A lively revelation of a Daimler, the snappiest yet. It combines what you expect of Daimler with surprises as well.



JAGUAR Mk. VII.

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1616	190	17	120	Good

A very good example of value for money, with so many extras thrown in. Very fast, but docile too, if you wish.

DAIMLER CONQUEST ROADSTER

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1672	100	22	100	Fair

A beauty. A very good performer with luxury and comfort.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE
(Synchro-mesh gearbox)

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1722	125	19	93	Good

A very handsome car with luxury finish and fine performance.

JENSEN 541

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1822	130	27	110	Fair

Distinctive for its reinforced plastic body and combination of comfort combined with performance plus economy.

ALVIS TC21/100 SALOON

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1822	93	23	100	Fair

A quiet, refined lady, who surprises with her speed and road ability.

ALLARD MONTE CARLO

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£1949	85	16	90	Fair

Based on the personal requirements of a highly successful competition motorist, it does all it sets out to do.

MODELS FROM £1210 to £2000

(Continued overleaf.)

"THE SKETCH" EASY GUIDE TO 1955 MODELS

On these pages we present a simplified summary of the essential features of 1955 models, most of which are on show at Earls Court, enabling readers to compare the merits of some forty makes of car in four different price groups. The price in each case is inclusive of Purchase Tax, and to the nearest £. D.H.P. represents the horse-power developed by the engine at its best speed. A.M.P.G. represents the average petrol consumption, which varies up or down according to driving methods. Max. speed represents the maximum speed under good conditions but without super-tuning of the engine. The Resale Value assessment is based on popular demand in the used-car market. Where a.m.p.g. and d.h.p. are not shown, these figures have not been made available by the manufacturers.

AUSTIN PRINCESS "3" SALOON

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£2183	135	17	86	Fair

Designed to give utmost comfort and real, deep luxury at a reasonable figure.

ASTON MARTIN DB 2-4 SPORTS SALOON

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£2728	140	20/23	120	Fair

David Brown's personal dream come true. A real sports car with performance first but finish close behind.

FRAZER NASH

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£2763	100	23	116	Fair

A really individual craftsman-built performer, yet docile if you wish. For the enthusiast who likes mechanical perfection.

LAGONDA

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£3401	140	20/23	100	Fair

A glorious refinement of performance and craft. Fast and perhaps the best riding comfort of any car made.

ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER DAWN SPORTS SALOON

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£4605	—	17	94	Good

Comment is almost superfluous when a name has become an adjective in common use.

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL DROP-HEAD COUPE

Price	d.h.p.	a.m.p.g.	Max. speed	Resale Value
£6518	—	17	115	Fair

Superb to behold, it brings traditional Bentley performance into real luxury motoring of the highest order.

MODELS FROM £2000—PLUS

D'ye Ken John Peel . . . ?

Next Saturday (October 23rd) the centenary of the death of John Peel will be celebrated at the village of Caldbeck, in Cumberland. In Caldbeck, Peel is buried. There, too, stands the Oddfellows Arms, where he and his friend, John Woodcock Graves, drank many a pint, and there is the house where Graves once lived and wrote his famous ballad. The Centenary Celebrations will begin at 10 a.m. with a meet of the Blencathra, the Cumberland Farmers, and the Cumberland packs, and will be followed by clay-pigeon shooting, hound trails, village sports, singing competitions and a dance. Tatie Pots, a traditional local delicacy with Herdwick mutton as a principal ingredient, will be served with a slice of Cumberland cake or the butter sops for which Mrs. Grainger (a descendant of Peel) is locally famous.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so grey ?
D'ye ken John Peel, at the break of day ?
D'ye ken John Peel, when he 's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning ?

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here 's to John Peel, from my heart and soul
Let 's drink to his health, let 's finish the bowl,
We 'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so grey ?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone, far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Chorus.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,
Peel's "View Halloo!" would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
LIONEL EDWARDS

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Queen of the Carnival

MY DEAR ROBERT,

"*The hours I spend with thee, dear heart,*" I sang happily to my herbaceous border, for Les Girls had gone back to London and there was peace in the land. "*I count them over, every worm apart——*"

"I thought it must be you making that horrible noise, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite looking over the hedge. "What 's this nonsense I hear about a Carnival?"

"We always had one in the old days."

"You and Charles are practically the only people who 've lived here long enough to remember the old days. To my mind there 's nothing more depressing than a lot of elderly people trying to put the clock back."

. . . pretty as a picture.

"You can always stay away," I said. I do try not to be rude to Mrs. Whinebite, but I hardly ever succeed. Lady B. says I must go on trying and some day I may find myself treating her with old-world courtesy, though she doubts she 'll be alive to see it.

"There 's no need to lose your temper, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite. "I suppose there 's going to be a Carnival Queen and all that silliness?"

"Yes. We all hope Lady B.'s Elsie will be chosen."

"Elsie? Do you mean Lady B.'s little maid? Well, really!"

As she walked away down the Lane the sickening knowledge came to me that Mrs. Whinebite herself was going to enter as a candidate. I dropped my trowel and made a dash for Lady B.'s house. Faith and Mrs. Savernacke were there and Elsie, pretty as a picture, was just taking out the tea. "My dear Henrietta, what *is* the matter?" said Lady B., "you look as though you had been chased by a bull."

I waited until Elsie was out of the room and then I said, "In a way, I have. Mrs. Whinebite is going to stand for Carnival Queen."

"Ha-ha!" said Mrs. Savernacke.

"It 's all very well to laugh," I said, "but you know how rich she is. She 'll turn up with about five times as much money as any of the others and the Judges will feel they 've got to elect her."

. . . undulated to the footlights.

"She 's handsome too," said Faith gloomily.

"Oh, come now, Faith!"

"Well, in a sort of ghastly gypsy-ish way, she is," said Faith, "and of course she 'll get herself up in something terrific—you mark my words—and all our nice country girls will be put in the shade."

"My poor Elsie!" cried Lady B., in deep distress.

There was a long silence and then I said, "Faith must cut her out."

"I would, like a shot," said Faith, "only the Carnival's the same day as I 've arranged to have my baby on."

"It may be late, Faith—the last one was. We could drape you——"

"Can Faith be Carnival Queen?" said Mrs. Savernacke to Charles who had just come in.

"Certainly not," said Charles.

"You 'll have to do it yourself, Henrietta."

"Ha-ha!" said Charles—rather unkindly, I thought, and Lady B. patted my hand and said Henrietta was really more useful behind the scenes.

"What are you worrying about?" said Charles. "Here we have a real Queen," and he bent down and kissed Lady B.'s hand.

"My dear Charles," said Lady B. mildly, "I am eighty-two."

. . . a very small curtsey.

"There 's nothing to stop a Queen being eighty-two, is there?"

"If she 's a Carnival one—yes," said Lady B. "And what would Elsie say? Besides, I 'm President—I can't very well crown myself, can I?"

So we gave up any attempt to thwart Mrs. Whinebite's ambitions; but every time I went to a committee meeting it galled me to think we might be taking all that trouble for her glorification.

ON the night of the Carnival Queen Election the Hall was packed and Charles and I had to stand. Mrs. Whinebite was the first Candidate to come on to the stage and I knew at once what Faith had meant when she said she was handsome. Her long dress, which was naked at the top and billowing at the other end, was of red lamé shot with gold, her gloves were green, her large bun of hair was tidy for once and cut in a fringe in front, her eyelashes were false.

"Gosh!" said Charles.

Mrs. Whinebite undulated, to soft music, to the footlights and bared her teeth in a tiger smile and the audience, which up till then had sat in stunned silence, broke into applause. Colonel Simpkins stood up and shouted "Bravo!"

"Harold, you are making a fool of yourself," said little Mrs. Simpkins, and pulled him down by the coat-tails.

"Mrs. Prunella Whinebite," announced the Master of Ceremonies.

"Except that her name happens to be Ethel," I said.

"Ssh!" said Colonel Simpkins, turning round and glaring.

It was then announced that Mrs. Prunella Whinebite had collected a hundred pounds for the Carnival funds. There was more applause and Mrs. Whinebite made her election speech which was rather long, full of clichés and quotations in French and partly inaudible, but it created a tremendous impression on the audience and she left the stage to stamps and whistles. After that, of course, the other Candidates, sweet, pretty and young though they were, made little impression.

Elsie was the last to appear and when she came on to the stage there was dead silence because nobody recognised her. She was wearing a dress of deep cream slipper-satin bunched up in a bustle at the back and with cascades of what was obviously very beautiful lace at neck and wrists. I recognised it at once as Lady B.'s own wedding-dress laid away in lavender these sixty years. Her hair was piled on top of her head and Lady B.'s diamond star glittered and flashed in it. She wore short white kid gloves and carried a small Victorian posy of white flowers. In dead silence and with the greatest dignity she walked slowly round the stage. I could see Lady B.'s coaching in every step. Then she came forward to the footlights, put her shoulders back, lifted her chin and began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lady B.'s Elsie, "it is with diffidence and trepidation I offer myself to this town as a Candidate for the post of Carnival Queen. As you know, I have no experience in Majesty, but I do know that privilege means service, and if you choose me to be your Queen I will do my best to please you."

Lady B.'s Elsie made a very small curtsey—shot Lady B. a fleeting and rather anxious look and left the stage. Everybody, except Colonel Simpkins stood up and cheered.

"Congratulations, Lady B." I said as we drove her home.

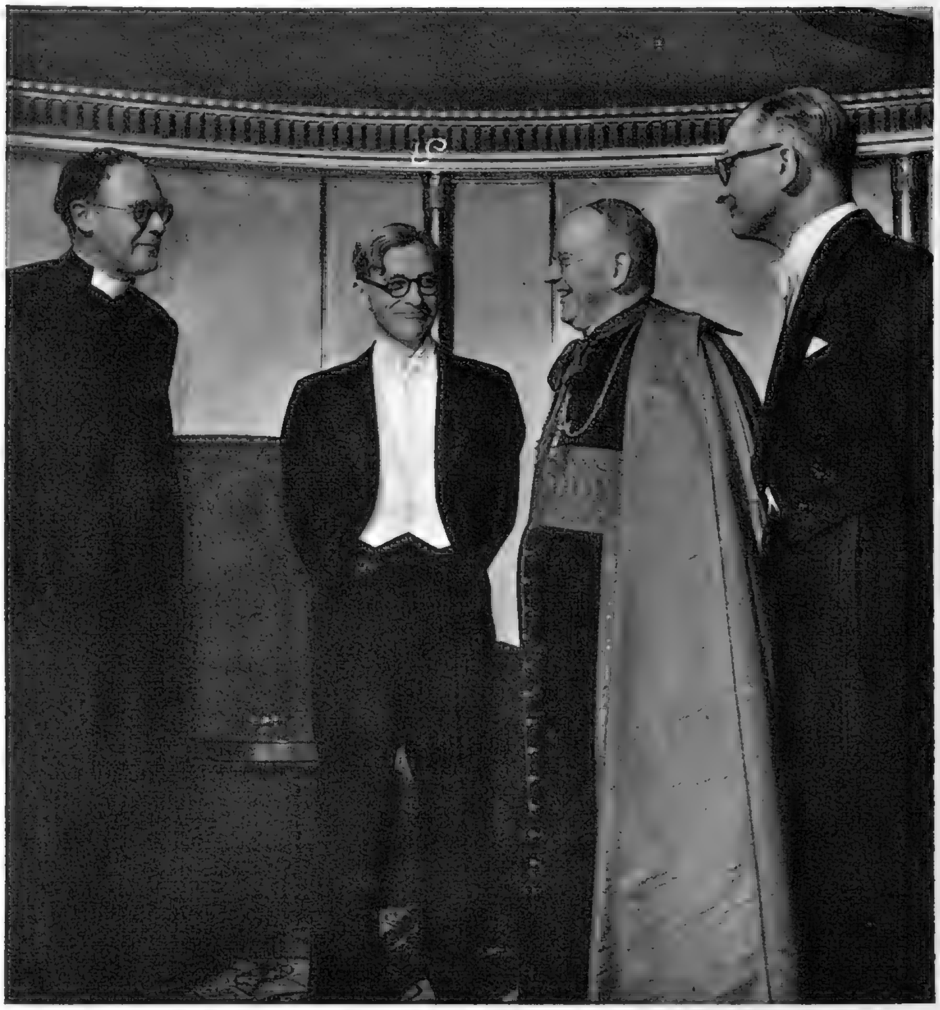
Lady B. laughed. "Isn't it funny to think my waist was once as small as that!" she said.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

MODELS IN MUFTI :—3.

FIONA CAMPBELL-WALTER, one of the best-known of Britain's model girls, is also one of the very loveliest. A pinnacle in such a competitive field might seem a dizzy height for a twenty-two-year-old, but success has not changed the vivacious Fiona from the home-loving girl her family have always known. Our picture shows her engaged on one of her favourite hobbies : modelling in clay. The subject, a horse, is a natural choice for Fiona, who had her own pony from a very early age and used to have to groom him every morning before going off to her studies at the Winchester School of Art. The outdoor life is very much to her taste and she is fast becoming a first-class skier, too. She has a delightful singing voice and at the piano will play "anything from Brahms to boogie-woogie," as her family puts it. The elder daughter of Commodore Keith Campbell-Walter, R.N., who commands the *Sheffield* and is Chief Staff Officer to the U.S. C.-in-C., America and the West Indies, she lives with her sister and twin brothers at her parents' home in Carlisle Place, S.W.I.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.



A most welcome guest at the Ball was His Eminence Cardinal Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, who attended this year for the first time. With him in this picture are Father De Zulueta, Mr. Michael Derrick (chairman of the Club) and Mr. A. J. Tressidder, *right* (treasurer and chairman of the Ball Committee).

Visitors from Spain who were intrigued by Pipe Sergeant Row's Highland dress were Rosario Janrrieta, Maria Rosa Boguña and Mercedes Riéra.

THE CHALLONER CLUB ANNIVERSARY BALL

The fifth anniversary ball of the Challoner Club, held at the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane on October 1st, was a very enjoyable affair. The Club, named after Richard Challoner, the greatest of the English Vicars Apostolic, was founded to serve the Catholic community in this country. Since its inception it has rapidly gained in popularity, and the anniversary ball has become the event of the year in Catholic circles. The presence of His Eminence Cardinal Bernard Griffin added considerably to the importance of the occasion, which will certainly be a memorable one for all those who were present.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

The efforts of Pipe Sergeant K. Row, of the Scots Guards, met with tremendous success. Here, enthusiastic guests dance The Gay Gordons while the indefatigable Sergeant provides the music.

Mr. A. J. Tressidder has his glass replenished. On his left are Mrs. Tressidder, Mrs. and Mr. J. Corrigan and Mrs. and Mr. Tony Wadham.

Lovely Helène Cordet, who entertained the guests with a cabaret, with Colonel R. G. Triggs, secretary of the Club, and Julius Lada-Grodzicki.

Lady (Charles) Russell, one of the patrons of the Ball, cutting the now traditional birthday cake and, *right*, being presented with a bouquet by Mrs. A. J. Tressidder, wife of the treasurer and chairman of the Ball Committee.

The Hon. Lady Hood, chairman of the Ladies' Ball Committee, presenting the lucky number prize to Miss O'Hanlan.

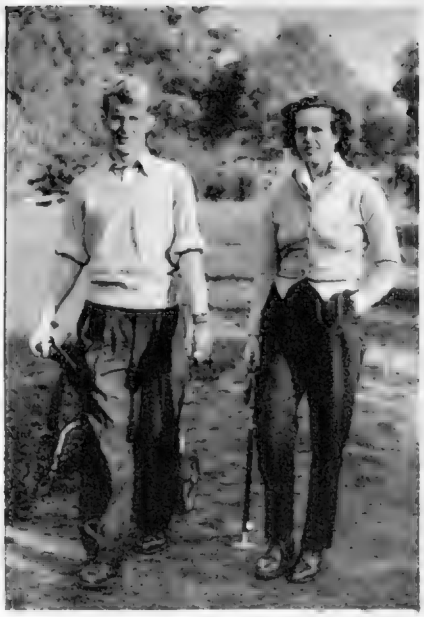
Happy foursome pictured here are Mr. Alfred Brew, Miss A. Linklater, Miss E. Johnson and Mr. Michael Cooke.

Guests from Venezuela were Señora Velez and her husband, who is Secretary at his country's Embassy in London.

At supper: Miss Constance Bower, the Hon. Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Weisweiller, Mr. Weisweiller, Miss Margaret Livingstone and Mr. John Creese. After midnight, bacon and eggs and coffee were available.

Miss Geraldine Hadaway, Miss Oonagh Hadaway, Miss Katherine Sheridan and Miss Shirley Watt. Their escorts are Mr. George Henneker, Mr. J. A. Harvey and Mr. Bernard Tong.

HERE AND THERE



WORPLESDON MIXED FOURSOMES.

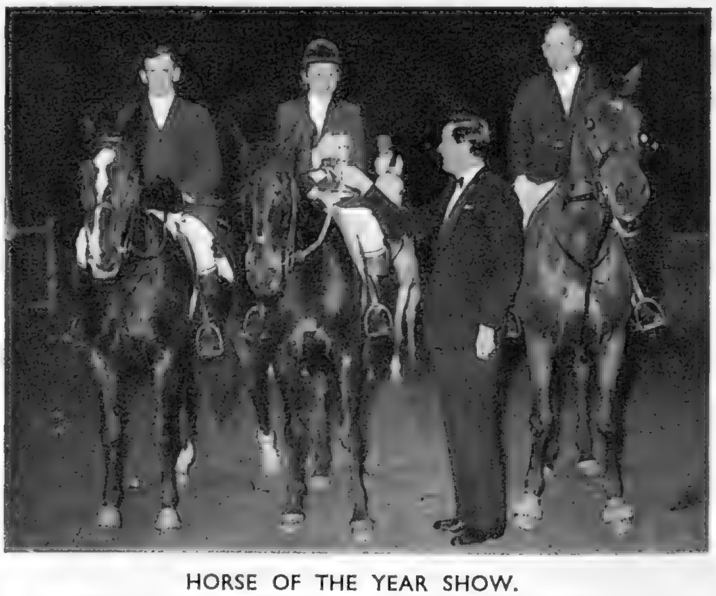
The Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon are one of the most popular annual events in the golfing world, and our pictures show (*left*) the Countess of Kimberley putting on the 12th green in the first round. *Centre:* Miss J. Gordon and Mr. R. G. Knipe, last year's holders (*left*) with Miss Wanda Morgan and Mr. T. E. R. Reeves, whom they beat by 4 and 3. *Right:* the Marchioness of Northampton and her partner, Mr. Robin O' Brien, the Cambridge Golf Blue.

SECOND OCTOBER BLOODSTOCK SALES.

At Newmarket the sale of horses in training occupied most of the opening session. Sir Winston Churchill's colt, *Prince Arthur*, was sold for 2,000 guineas to Mr. Kenneth Bailey, the trainer. Visitors to the sales here are (*left*) Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carver; (*centre*) Mrs. R. Corbett, Mr. R. Corbett and Mr. J. Petts; (*right*) Lord and Lady Decies.

HARVEST FESTIVAL LUNCHEON.

Colonel Robert Henriques, the novelist, entertained his farm staff and their families to luncheon at his home in Gloucestershire. His other guests included Lady Isobel Barnett and Mr. Freddie Grisewood, who are seen on either side of their host.



HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW.

At Harringay the Hon. Anthony Berry presented the *Sunday Times* Cup for the Inter-County Team Championship to Shropshire, the winning team. South-east Scotland were second, Hertfordshire were third, and Worcestershire fourth.

Royal Birthday

Some delightful new pictures of Princess Margaretha of Sweden, who will celebrate her twentieth birthday on October 31st, taken at her flat in the Royal Palace, Stockholm. Bracelets identify her in the two pictures in which she appears with her younger sister Princess Birgitta, who might be mistaken for her twin. The eldest daughter of Princess Sybilla and the late Prince Gustav Adolf, Princess Margaretha spent a year at a finishing school in England, Seer Green House, at Beaconsfield, in 1952, and made many friends during her sojourn in this country.

Photographs by Svenskt Pressfoto.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Three Bouquets—And a Disappointment

GOODNESS gracious me! Are things beginning to look up again? To be able to say—since the last issue—that at least three programmes have given me great pleasure, by being out of the dreary furrow which television has been content to plough during the past months, is really quite something.

Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* was without doubt a great occasion. It is a superb story, wonderfully told—and that does somewhat help. But even so, Miss du Maurier cannot have been thrilled by television's method of recounting its fascinating amalgam of love, hatred, generosity, jealousy and other emotions hovering on psychopathic fringes.

First things first. And, as the initial impact is on the eye, I would like to congratulate designer John Cooper on his version of the great Cornish mansion, Manderley. This was a beautiful setting and, as the action moved through its finely-proportioned rooms, one felt that one was indeed in the house of a gentleman.

Next, the man at whose command the characters unfolded their story and laid bare their souls: the producer, Rudolph Cartier. I have known him to be heavy-handed and even maladroit. But not in this case. His delicacy of touch was only matched by its deftness. Not a scene was allowed to go beyond its proper dramatic climax and not a point in the plot failed to be given its right amount of underlining.

As for the performances, they all gave one that secure feeling which only comes from the knowledge that they are in safe hands. William Squire—making his first essay, away from the classics, in a modern part—made de Winter a man of genuine nobility, tortured by the rack of his own conscience. Such a man is apt to be a little difficult to live with, and Jeannette Sterke wrung one's heart when, as the second Mrs. de Winter—a young girl bewildered among strange surroundings and people—she first entered Manderley, of which she was to be the new mistress. Her gradual access of power from utter helplessness to complete control of the situation was an exquisite example of modulated acting. Mrs. Danvers, the grim housekeeper of Manderley, besotted with the memory of the first Mrs. de W.—the departed Rebecca—and viciously resenting the second, has become a classic villainess and none the less through Sonia Dresdel's portrait of her. It was a rigidly restrained performance and yet every time Miss Dresdel's eyes went dead and the muscles of her face tightened, a horrid chill of apprehension fled down my spine.

NOW, having seen *The Girl of the Golden West*, I can understand why many stout-hearted impresarios (or should it be impresarii?) have paled at the thought of mounting this opera. Not only does Puccini's music need fine and expert singing, but David Belasco's book needs very talented acting—and how! Also it would invite a gale of horse-laughs to cast the average *prima-donna* (of Junoesque construction) in the role of the Girl—Minnie—a pure, innocent young thing who manages to live unscathed among a group of tough prospectors in the California gold-rush days.

So the B.B.C. deserves a walloping bouquet not only for having dared where others have quailed, but for making a thundering success of the venture. This may not be Puccini's most "whistleable" opera, but it is an exciting, urgent score with many lovely things in it, perfectly fitting the rapidly-moving story. George R. Foa produced and did it brilliantly, aiming all the time at pace and the telling of the story. So even those with a musical ear of stone must have enjoyed it as a play if nothing else.

Now what is one to say about Elaine Malbin as the Girl? Glyndebourners will already know her as a beautiful singer, but television showed that she is an actress of great intensity and acute intelligence. The tenor, Paul Asciak—as the hero-villain whom the Girl redeems—disappointed me. He acted well enough, but, to me, he was torturing what is *au fond* a glorious voice. Which cannot be said of Roderick Jones—as the love-lorn Sheriff—who showed what baritone singing really should be.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

U for Uncanny

(Ane wha isna' unco' cautious wi' the bawbees)

FOR lower-brow pleasure I rack my brains in vain for anything more agreeable than the new comedy series, *And So To Bentley*, featuring that suave laughter-maker, Dick Bentley. Written by Frank Muir and Denis Norden—who have often displayed their belief that to be amusing one need not necessarily be puerile—this smooth programme is completely adult and professional, tailored directly for television without borrowing stock film and stage gags. I could have wished, however, for about 20 per cent. more crispness and attack in the presentation in the first instalment.

NOW for a crack of the whip—and that is applied to *The Face of Love*, by Ian Dallas. Mr. Dallas is a young man and this is his second play—all right. But when his pen-child is announced by a fanfare in the shape of a laudatory article in the *Radio Times* by no less than Michael Barry (Head of Television Drama), then one has the right to expect something quite tremendous. Alas!

Mr. Dallas—who has openly made a modern re-write of *Troilus and Cressida*—certainly has an ear for the sound of words (and how the actors revelled in that!). But unfortunately the intellectual content of those words does not match their high-flowing style. They remind me of the works of Concone, which are familiar to those who have studied singing seriously. These are vocal exercises, skilfully designed to test the singers' technique, but containing no message or emotion in their melodies. I am not implying that Mr. Dallas has no message or that he did not write with great emotion in his heart. One day, perhaps, he will produce a great play. But in the meantime *The Face of Love* is the second effort of a young man and not the *tour de force* of a master.

I must ease some of the criticism on to the shoulders of Alvin Rakoff, who has done many better things than this. There was a considerable amount of clumsy grouping and inept camera handling. And why he allowed some of the static scenes—notably those between Troilus and Cressida—to remain static, beats me.

However, to end on a happier note, I must record an appreciation of the performance of Laurence Payne and Mary Morris (as Troilus and Cressida), who were obviously very happy with their parts. They seemed to be intoxicated by the verse they were speaking and each other's company. An appreciation, too, of Joan Miller—as the ageing Helen, faded, blousy and degenerating—who made a brief but shattering appearance towards the end of the play.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

GEORGES SABLIER : For giving us a new chance to study the birds and the bees.

M. Sablier has invented a one-man helicopter, and, if he ever goes bird-watching, we suspect he must get chilly. It is powered by a 6-h.p. engine and travels at 50 kilometres an hour. A special device stops M. Sablier from going round with the blades.

MR. PASTRY : For self-sacrifice of a painless sort.

" Let them eat cake ! " cried Richard Hearne, TV's Mr. Pastry, as he distributed pieces of a large iced model of the white tower of the Tower of London to the patients of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. One little girl was distrustful, but maybe she suspected cannibalism.

(Left)
JILL SUMNER : For bringing a breath of air to ground-level.

Miss Sumner, an ex-air-hostess, has opened a coffee-shop in Knightsbridge. She has furnished it like an aircraft, and calls it *The Viscount*. No paper bags are provided, except for sandwiches.

(Right)
DAWN READ : Who dived down under and found a frog-man.

Miss Read lives in Sydney, Australia. One day she went diving in the vasty deep. Then, *bingo !* boy met girl. By great good luck there was a cameraman around, and that, best beloved, is how news gets made in the dog days.

RUTH FRENCH : For playing the giddy goat with her charges.

It is, in fact, a charge Miss French is charging, but this young attendant in the Children's Corner of Battersea Gardens is only nineteen, and at that age the blood is sprightly. Her antagonist, *Moti* (a nanny goat), appears to enjoy her regular work-out. Possibly she regards it as practice. Our guess is that Miss French intends to invite a large number of fat old gentlemen around to Battersea once *Moti* has perfected her technique.

TOM KAREN : For building his own car on a very individual pattern.

Tom Karen, with his friend, Andrew Waddicor, both of them mechanical engineers, are building this light three-wheeler to their own design in Kingswood, Surrey. The *Vimp* does 90 m.p.g. and has a cruising speed of 30-40 m.p.h. Next year—Earls Court ?

"The Sketch"

DARBY—BOSTOCK : Pictured after their wedding at St. Mary's Church, Stafford, on September 25th, are Mr. Robert Darby, of Green Royde, Pedmore, Stourbridge, and his bride, Miss Annabel Bostock, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bostock, of Barn Bank, Hyde Lea, Stafford. The bride's father was at one time High Sheriff of Stafford.

BLISS—DAVEY : Wedding group taken after the marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on October 2nd, of Captain Philip Bliss, R.E., son of Brigadier and Mrs. P. W. Bliss, of Fairlynch, Budleigh Salterton, and Miss Jane Davey, elder daughter of Major-General and Mrs. B. Davey, of L'Abris, Beaumont, Jersey.

HART—CHAMBERS : Leaving St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, on October 2nd : London architect Mr. C. Tony Hart and his bride, Miss Noreen Chambers, daughter of Mrs. M. Chambers, of Kilbride, Co. Mayo, were provided with a triumphal archway of T-squares held by staff from the bridegroom's office.

MURRAY-PHILIPSON—TILNEY : Leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the ceremony on October 6th, are Mr. R. H. Murray-Philipson and his bride, Miss Catherine Tilney, daughter of Brigadier Robert Tilney. There were 700 guests at the wedding reception, which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel.

TREVOR-ROPER—HOWARD-JOHNSTON : Married at St. Marylebone Presbyterian Church, George Street, on October 4th : Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper, the Oxford Historian, and Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, daughter of the late Field Marshal Earl Haig, of Bemersyde, Roxburghshire.

Wedding Album

DODDS—DAVIES : Pictured with their bridesmaids outside All Souls, Langham Place, on October 9th, were Captain Ralph Dodds, son of the eminent biochemist Sir Charles Dodds, and his bride, Miss Marion Davies, daughter of Sir Daniel Davies, Extra Physician to her Majesty the Queen.

WIRZ—ALTWEGG : Leaving the church of St. Andrews in Zurich after their wedding on October 5th, are Miss Jeannette Altwegg, British skating champion, and her Swiss engineer husband, M. Marc Wirz, of Berne. When Miss Altwegg gave up championship skating, she turned down high offers to join an ice review and instead took a position at Trogen children's village.

SPRATT—WADE : Wedding-day picture of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Douglas Spratt, who were married at St. Faith's Church, Havant, on September 25th. In our last issue, Mr. Spratt was mistakenly referred to as Mr. Douglas, and the date of the wedding given as September 26th.

MAGUIRE—HUGHES : Smiling couple pictured outside the Brompton Oratory, Kensington, after their wedding on September 30th, were Dr. Brian Maguire, son of Mr. Connor Maguire, Chief Justice of Ireland, and Miss Megan Hughes, Head Almoner of a Birmingham hospital.

BECKWITH-SMITH—PARKES : Miss Susan Parkes, of Connaught Hall, Co. Wicklow, on her way to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on September 30th, for her marriage to Mr. John Beckwith-Smith, son of the late Major-General M. Beckwith-Smith and of Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, of The Old Rectory, Sulhampstead, Berkshire.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

An Enormous Picture Post-card

THIS IS CINERAMA
(London Casino)

BY now there should be few people left in London who haven't some idea what Cinerama is like. But in case the facts about this particular programme have escaped you, it will be useful to recap.

The entertainment offered at the London Casino (the only theatre in this country so far equipped to receive it) is the same as the one that has been shown in New York for a couple of years. It consists of a number of "pilot" items, short exhibits meant to demonstrate the scope of this particular large-screen, large-sound device.

The presentation is deliberately theatrical. To start with, the spectator finds himself facing a vast arc of crimson curtains, with the old-fashioned conventional-sized screen set dwarfishly in the centre. Commentator Lowell Thomas appears in this screen and begins to speak. After a rather primly pedagogic account, in black-and-white, of the history of moving pictures from the days of the cave-men to the days of Valentino, the red curtains suddenly clash back, battalions of house-speakers come into action, and we find ourselves on a giant roller-coaster, with fellow passengers screaming all around us. "THIS IS CINERAMA," we are told, *fff*. It isn't until this item is over, and we find ourselves in the comparative quiet of the Scala, Milan, that we are in any state to sit back and consider if the new medium is as formidable as it seemed.

The first half of the programme at the Casino consists of unrelated items, gathered here and there in Europe; the Vienna Boys' Choir; a bull-fight in Madrid; a bit of *The Messiah*; a military tattoo at Edinburgh; a trip through Venice in a gondola. At the end of the intermission a stentorian voice bawls "Quiet!", and after a short demonstration of sound by itself, from various instruments of the orchestra, we are whisked away to America, and a pageant of the United States.

The first exhibit, involving water-sports in Florida, is certainly an eyeful, but adds little to the striking things we have seen already by Esther Williams (*Dangerous When Wet*) and partners. The *pièce de résistance* of the second half, a coast-to-coast flight across America, is really something. For the first time on the screen, the whole vast map of a colossal continent unrolls in front of us; the cities, the wheatfields, the water-ways, the Rocky Mountains, the Golden Gate and the blue boundary of the Pacific. In half a century of film-making, Hollywood has never shown us a nobler picture of America than this.

Noble, but empty. In all these thousands of miles, one makes no contact with any human being. It puts one in mind of a majestic stage set and waiting for the entry of the actors.

As its name implies, Cinerama is aptly suited to panoramic views. It doesn't do so well by people. As you no doubt know, the image on the cycloramic screen is a composite of three different pictures, simultaneously projected on three panels, and theoretically fused into a single field of vision. In practice, the fusion seldom quite comes off. The suggestion remains of a coloured post-card torn up, and put together by a rather wobbly hand. Or perhaps a whole deck of post-cards; for the colour in the three fragments seldom seems to match exactly.

Moreover, the images on your side of the screen appear to be definitely squashed. Squashing a cornfield or two is neither here nor there. Squashing a human being into the shape of a matchstick is a more serious thing. Cinerama seems to be a device that must be seen from the centre, bang on; and not from too far back, either, or the circle will cut off the top of the screen. The sound is interesting. It does seem to be "directional" in a sense that no other system of screen recording has so far achieved. The leader of the Vienna Boys' Choir, for instance, can clearly be identified, by himself, in the right place, above the voices of the other choristers, even when his image is squeezed flat.

Elizabeth Taylor with her son, Michael Wilding, junior, on the set of *Beau Brummell*, the M.-G.-M. film which will have a Royal Command première at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on November 15th.

It would be presumptuous to say that Cinerama is little more than a novelty, an illusion, a poor man's substitute for travel, like the old Hale's Tours, on the evidence of a single programme. But in a world of screen entertainment which now takes CinemaScope and VistaVision in its stride, it will have to make haste in progress if it is to convince us to the contrary.

THE BELLES OF ST. TRINIAN'S
(Gaumont)

This is a riotous farce, "inspired by" Ronald Searle's fantastically popular drawings of fiendish school-girls. There is small doubt, I suppose, that St. Trinian's is the best-known girls' school in England to-day.

The screen-play to which Frank Launder, Sidney Gilliat and Val Valentine have been "inspired" is a bit congested, rather shapeless, but on the whole great fun. Dozens of little girls, and some others not so little, go milling round the scene, swapping nylons in the bathroom, distilling gin in the labs., hiding a race-horse in the dorm., laying booby-traps as well as bets, and hurling themselves, with uninhibited ardour, into the sort of occupational hazards all Searle fans expect.

I would rate *The Belles of St. Trinian's* very high in the second class of comedy. It could have been better; but it might have been so much, much worse. It almost comes off; and in the case of such a tricky subject, that "almost" is high praise. And do lend a special ear to Malcolm Arnold's brilliant score.

REAR WINDOW
(Plaza)

In recent years Alfred Hitchcock, who once revelled in chasing his characters all over the countryside, has more and more favoured the thriller confined to a single, composite set. He used the device in *Rope*, and in *Dial M for Murder*. He has used it again in *Rear Window*.

Jeff (James Stewart) is a Press photographer, confined to a wheel-chair with a broken leg. Fretful, uncomfortable, and having nothing better to do, he spends his days, and a good part of his nights, at the window of his second-floor Greenwich Village flat, watching the activities of his neighbours. The window looks down on to a courtyard, and straight into the flats at the opposite side of the well. It is extremely hot; nobody bothers to draw the shades; there are some curious and interesting things to see. At first Jeff is idly amused by the goings-on of a dancer, a lonely spinster, and a couple of newly-weds, but before long his attention is riveted by the odd behaviour of a travelling salesman across the way. Why does he make so many trips out into the rain, carrying his sample-suitcase, in the dead of night? Why, with the thermometer in the nineties, do the blinds remain drawn in the bedroom of his invalid wife? What in the world is he doing (by this time Jeff has resorted to binoculars and a long-distance lens) with a coil of rope, a saw and a butcher's knife? The answers seem to add up to only one thing; murder.

The rest of the film is taken up with Jeff's efforts to make his girl-friend (Grace Kelly), his masseuse (Thelma Ritter) and a detective chum (Wendell Corey) share his point of view. For them the leg-work; for him the flash-bulb and the telephone. *Rear Window* is a pretty gruesome little number. Hitchcock, who once admitted that his formula for a successful thriller was the visual metaphor of blood on daisies, has deliberately used contrast to get his effects. The scene in which Miss Kelly blazes a trail of seductive kisses down the hero's face, while his eyes and thoughts are busy with a possible dismemberment across the way, reminds one of the horrid supper served on the chest in *Rope*; of the Greek drama and the minor Elizabethans. As a subject, *Rear Window* is particularly ugly. As a piece of cinematic Grand Guignol it is quite brilliant. The way Hitchcock maintains, conserves and develops his power to grue is wonderful. This late effort is unquestionably one of the most gripping of all his thrillers.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

A Year for Fur

This year the newest thing is a cardigan made of fur. It is snug, casual-looking and easy to wear. It is ideal for the country and can be smartly decked for town. What could be more comfortable and charming for the woman driver? This zip-up-the-front cardigan with a wool-jersey lining is in Nutria, from S. London, Sloane Street. The cone-shaped *velours* hat is by Mme. Vernier, George Street. *The car is a Standard "Ten."*

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

(continued overleaf)

OUR FASHION

A Year

THIS year is a Fur Year. Every collection in Paris was laden with fur—fur trimmings, stoles, scarves, gloves, muffs and hats. There were fur coats, dresses, blouses, and nearly every coat was fur-lined—in most cases with mink! Here are some furs

Above: A casual jacket in black Hair Seal, double-breasted with flapped pockets and a back half-belt. By Deanfield Furs, Grafton Street. The white panne hat is from Edelle, Davies Street. *The car is the Humber "Super Snipe."*

Right: Black Broadtail, for a snug shoulder cape, edged with white Mink. It is worn with a white Mink pillbox hat, pointed in the centre. Both are from Bradleys, Welbeck Street. *The car is a Bentley Sports Saloon.*

PORTFOLIO (contd.)

for Fur

in a variety of styles, from a tiny shoulder cape to a full-length coat.

For the active woman of to-day—the business woman, the country-woman with her many occupations, the woman driver—the jacket is perhaps the wisest choice in furs.

Above : Delightfully luxurious, a loose jacket in natural Canadian Mink, worked horizontally. By Molho, Brook Street. The pale blue satin hat is from Edelle, Davies Street. *The car is an Armstrong-Siddeley " Sapphire."*

Left : A full-length coat in Ocelot, with deep cuffs and collar of Beaver, worn with an Ocelot muff. From the National Fur Company, Brompton Road. The hat in melusine and Beaver is by Renée Pavy, Davies Street. *The car is a Humber " Super Snipe."*

(continued overleaf)

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Beaver Lamb is a perennial favourite, and this Revillon-designed Tescan full-length coat has great elegance, with its well shaped shoulders and slanting flapped pockets. Priced 28 gns. or 33 gns., it is available from Selfridges, London ; Marshall and Snelgrove, Manchester ; and Bon Marché, Liverpool. The blue beret with a sideways movement is by Vernier, George Street.

The car is a Morris " Oxford " Saloon.

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make it this way

- Two-thirds Martini Sweet
- One-third Gin.
- Shake or stir well with ice.
- Serve with lemon peel or cherry.

Preparing for a Lost Week-End

THE WEEK WHEN BEER WAS EXHIBITED, WINE TASTED, AND SPIRITS RAISED BY A NEW PUNCH

OCTOBER 4TH was the opening day of the Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition at Olympia. On October 6th, a party at the Livery Hall of the Worshipful Company of Armourers and Braziers launched a Special Punch on the changing seas of public taste. And, on October 7th, a select party from the editorial staff of this magazine went to the Annual Tasting of French wines in the cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue and Company. That week was a week.

This tiny alcoholic odyssey began in the draughty grandeur of the Empire and National Halls and ended in the cellars below London Bridge Station where Messrs. Lebègue keep their warming store of wines. But it ranged farther than that in (if you will allow the pun) spirit. Below the clatter of mechanical bottle-washers at Olympia, one could hear the mellow counterpoint of German; at London Bridge, French and patient French-English discussed the merits of districts and of years; at the Armourers' Hall, a small covey of ex-Lords-Mayors discoursed of great affairs.

Both Olympia and London Bridge began with a catalogue. That of the Brewers' Exhibition ran alphabetically from Accounting Machines to Yeast. In between came Biscuits and Brooms, Castors and Cocktail Cherries, Grain Dryers and Grits: one sees little beer at a Brewers' (and Allied Traders') Exhibition. Instead, there is an immediate Vision of Hell, in which bottles go round and about in unending chains to demonstrate the merits of Washers, or Labellers, or Cap-Putter-Onners. Nobody drinks from these bottles, nor are they actually washed or labelled, or the caps put on; they move forward on their mechanical chains, are pushed and patted, find a temporary rest, then start again. After this initiation one copes easily enough with displays of coconut marshmallows (for chewing by children while their parents are drinking) and aluminium beer-barrels, which some pubs smuggle in at a back entrance so as not to disillusion the customers, but which are just as good, I am assured, as barrels of wood.

Only on the Third Floor did one see much beer, where barrels and bottles were ranged for the judges to appraise them in the Beer Competitions. Nobody, when I visited it, seemed to be on the Third Floor, not even the judges. Only, after I had walked in solitude for some time, an attendant in a white coat came out of an inner room, filled a jug from one of the barrels, and took it back with him, where he and a companion sampled the beer with a connoisseur's discrimination.

SO to the Armourers' Hall. For many years a Punch, the recipe of Samuel Burch (1757 to 1840), has been brewed in secret and served with the turtle soup at City banquets. Now Burch's Punch is to be on sale in bottles.

No turtle soup was served with the Punch on October 6th, but the shell of a huge turtle stood on a sideboard, with some old cash-books and menus to give a link to tradition; behind it and in another room, suits of armour, swords, and shields hung about the walls. On a long table were salmon and hams and various salads, as well as a number of boars' heads, highly glazed and fancifully decorated with what seemed to be green toothpaste. In the centre of the table was a curiously made-up confection in which the top half of a hen had been allied to the bottom half of a hare; this, the chef assured me, was a cockatrice—which is defined in my dictionary as a particularly venomous serpent, so I edged away and asked for ham instead.

The ingredients of the Punch itself are still secret. It has rum in it and brandy. Anything else is so subtle in its effects as to be at first imperceptible. Only later do S. Burch's secret ingredients begin to light a flame within the evening, so that even the cockatrice begins to seem friendly.

Photos.: Houston Rogers.

The Annual Tasting of French Wines at the Cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue. *Above:* The wine-tasters sip, discuss and move on. *Below:* The surplus from each glass is poured away into an empty magnum.

FROM the vision of a future mechanical hell at Olympia to the recreation of a paradisal past at London Bridge. Down all the length of the first long, candle-lit cellar were tables, each covered with a white cloth. On the tables were bottles, on the bottles labels: 1945 CLOS DE VOUGEOT; 1945 CHAMBERTIN, CLOS DE BÈZE; 1937 NUITS SAINT-GEORGES; 1937 CORTON: these are numbers 80 to 83 of a list that ends with No. 176, 1947 CHATEAU YQUEM, SAUTERNES, CHATEAU BOTTLED.

Before each table were troughs of sawdust into which the sombre wine-tasters spat what regard for the clarity of their heads would not allow them to swallow. What was left in each glass was emptied back into funnels at the mouths of empty magnums that stood on each table, making a cocktail to be drunk later, I like to hope, by the khaki-coated attendants who washed glasses and replaced the plates of cheese with which the tasters cleared their palates of remembered joys. All was deliberation and regard. Men held their glasses before the candle-flames, sniffed, sipped, discussed, moved down the line, decided gravely what they would buy.

It was interesting to discover—for M'sieur Lebègue the Younger, over from France for the tasting, sat with us at lunch—that, even after tax, vintage wines are cheaper in England than in France. Interesting, too, to know that the CHATEAU LATOUR, 1945, and the CHAMBERTIN, 1934, reverently gulped with the beef and the cheese at lunch could not be bought—or not without a careful search through the stocks of many retail merchants. This was a sobering feeling to one whose palate (Dr. Joad once assured my generation) has been spoiled by the war, and whose accustomed drinking does not usually stray far from the range of the six-and-sixpenny BORDEAUX. And it will be a sobering thought, I trust, to Mr. Prince, the managing director of the firm, that he has permanently spoiled one young journalist for the Algerian Reds and Portuguese Whites that have hitherto tricked out his humdrum meals in Holland Park.

JOHN BOWEN.

FOR MOTORISTS AND OTHERS

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

I AWARD full marks for ingenuity to the makers of the well-known *Li-lo* range whose inflatable mattresses and other products are known all over the world. Their newest offering, which will be welcomed by parents of young babies, is a carry-cot which was shown for the first time at this year's British Industries Fair and is now in the London stores. This *Sit-Lay* carrier, as it is called, is made of a strong waterproof fabric. It has two sections, both of which are inflated when it is required for use as a carrier for a young baby. Two stabilising poles are supplied which slip into loops in the base of the carrier to hold it rigid ; the handles are clipped on to the hooks provided, and it is ready for use. Being filled with air, it is extremely soft and comfortable for a baby to lie in, and could well be used as a temporary cot, and it is, of course, quite ideal for a baby travelling in a car, train or aircraft. When the baby is old enough to sit up, the *Sit-Lay* can be easily and quickly converted into a carry-chair. The poles are removed, one section only is inflated, and the deflated part is folded back over it and held firmly in position with strong press studs, the handles are then clipped into a new position and it is ready for use.

* * *

While the baby is sleeping happily and safely in the car in its new carrier it is about time to think about the comfort of the driver. A new back-rest supplies him, or her, with support where it is most needed, in the small of the back, and its use considerably reduces fatigue on long runs. This is not the type of thing to induce dangerous relaxation but it is an aid towards sitting in the correct upright position, which gives a better control of the car. The *Sit-Rite* back-rest is made of a resilient porous material which allows the air to circulate freely round the back in warm weather. The makers provide two models, one for bench-type seats and the other for bucket-type.

* * *

It would be an excellent thing if every car carried a first-aid kit, and there is a new one especially suitable for motorists. Its contents, which include scissors and an illustrated booklet of first-aid instructions, have been selected by experts to meet the type of emergency likely to be encountered on the road. The kit, which is light and compact, is packed in a black plastic bag which has a transparent top. There are two smaller models (useful for cyclists and motor cyclists) which have identical contents but cases of different quality.

I make no apology whatsoever for using a hackneyed phrase when I say that no motorist can afford to be without an inexpensive brake efficiency indicator which has recently come on to the market. I would describe this as an "essential" accessory since it contributes in no small degree to road safety. A British inventor has designed this pocket-sized tester to provide the motorist with an effective method of testing his brakes as often as he wishes, under actual road conditions. The device consists of a moulded plastic case with a transparent top, which clips into a special bracket which is screwed permanently into any convenient position in the car. The case contains three steel balls, which come to rest, after the brakes have been applied as for an emergency stop, in positions which indicate the brake efficiency. The centre ball is also designed to act as a levelling guide in conjunction with the levelling screw which is attached to the case. A special brake log, essential for "reading" the indicator, is supplied with the instrument.

* * *

A very small gadget, but useful and therefore worth recommending to you, is a luminous disc which fits over a door or boot lock on the car and saves you fumbling around looking for the keyhole on a dark, cold night. It is called a *Car-Keylite*, and can be quite simply fitted on almost any car lock.

* * *

Women drivers frequently complain that the heels of their shoes are damaged by constant rubbing against the floor of the car as they use clutch, brake and accelerator pedals. Special pads, which slip easily over the heels, have been devised to meet this need and can be bought for a few shillings.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Li-lo *Sit-Lay* baby carrier: £4 3s. 3d.; Harrods.

K-L *Sit-Rite* back-rest: 45s.; M.P.A., 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Toilok First Aid Kit: 18s. 6d.; 7s. 9d.; 6s.; R. Schulthorp and Co. Ltd. (Dept. K.1), Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, E.C.4.

Selo Brake Efficiency Indicator (Selometer): 10s. 6d.; from garages ; M.P.A., 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, or direct from: Teebee Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 205, Hook Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

Car-Keylite: 2s. 6d.; M.P.A., 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Heel protectors: 3s. 6d. a pair; M.P.A., 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

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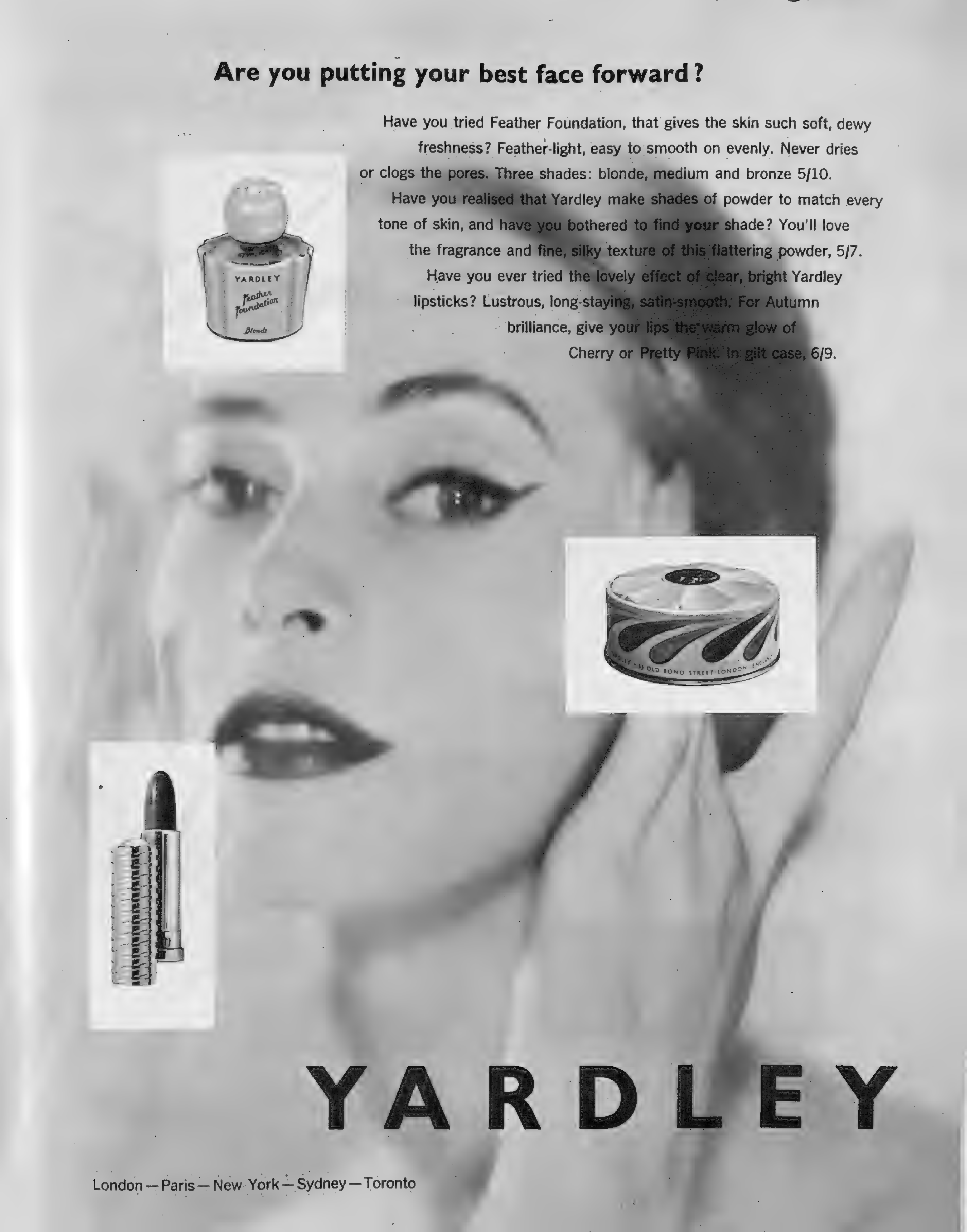
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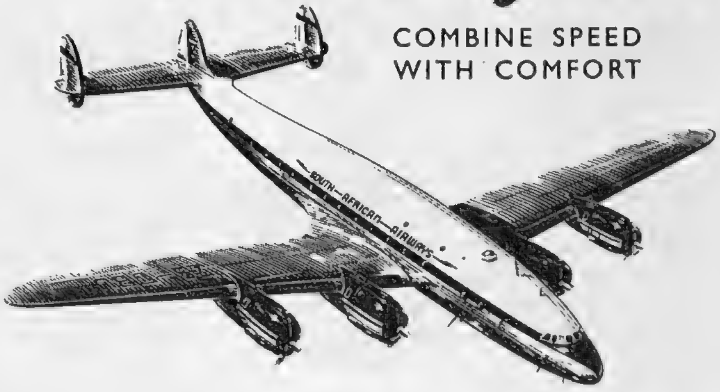

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[NCC 868L]

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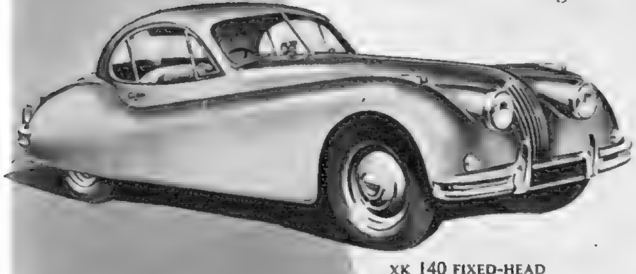


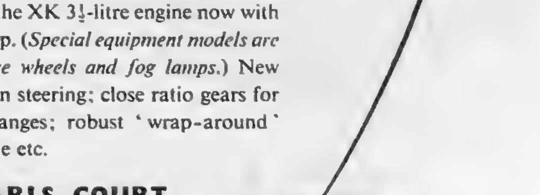
XK 140 FIXED-HEAD 2-3 SEATER

The elegant lines of the Mark VII remain unchanged but the famous XK engine now with high-lift cams has power output raised to 190 b.h.p. Increased diameter torsion bars give even greater riding comfort. New close-ratio gears increase performance in indirect ranges. New 'wrap-around' bumpers afford extra protection. Flasher type indicators, individually adjustable fog lamps and rear lights incorporating reflectors are among new features.

Sports models for 1955 include the famous Jaguar " D " type with disc brakes and dry sump lubrication. The XK 140 Fixed-Head close coupled 2—3 seater, the XK 140 Drop-Head 2 seater and the XK 140 Open 2-seater are powered by the XK 3½-litre engine now with high-lift cams—developing 190 b.h.p. (*Special equipment models are fitted with " C " type engines, wire wheels and fog lamps.*) New features include:—Rack and pinion steering; close ratio gears for higher performance in indirect ranges; robust 'wrap-around' bumpers; re-designed radiator grille etc.

STAND 129 EARLS COURT

XK 140 OPEN 2-SEATER



XK 140 DROP-HEAD 2-SEATER COUPE (*with 2 additional seats for children*)

Here comes the 1955 RENAULT *Frégate*

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COMFORT Definitely a Six-Seater, with arm rests—heater—air conditioner—windscreen washer—small turning circle.

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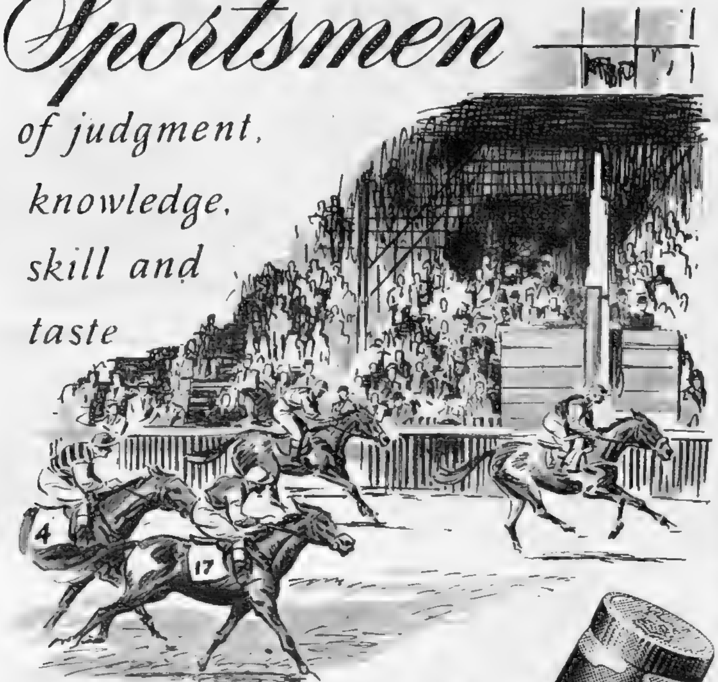

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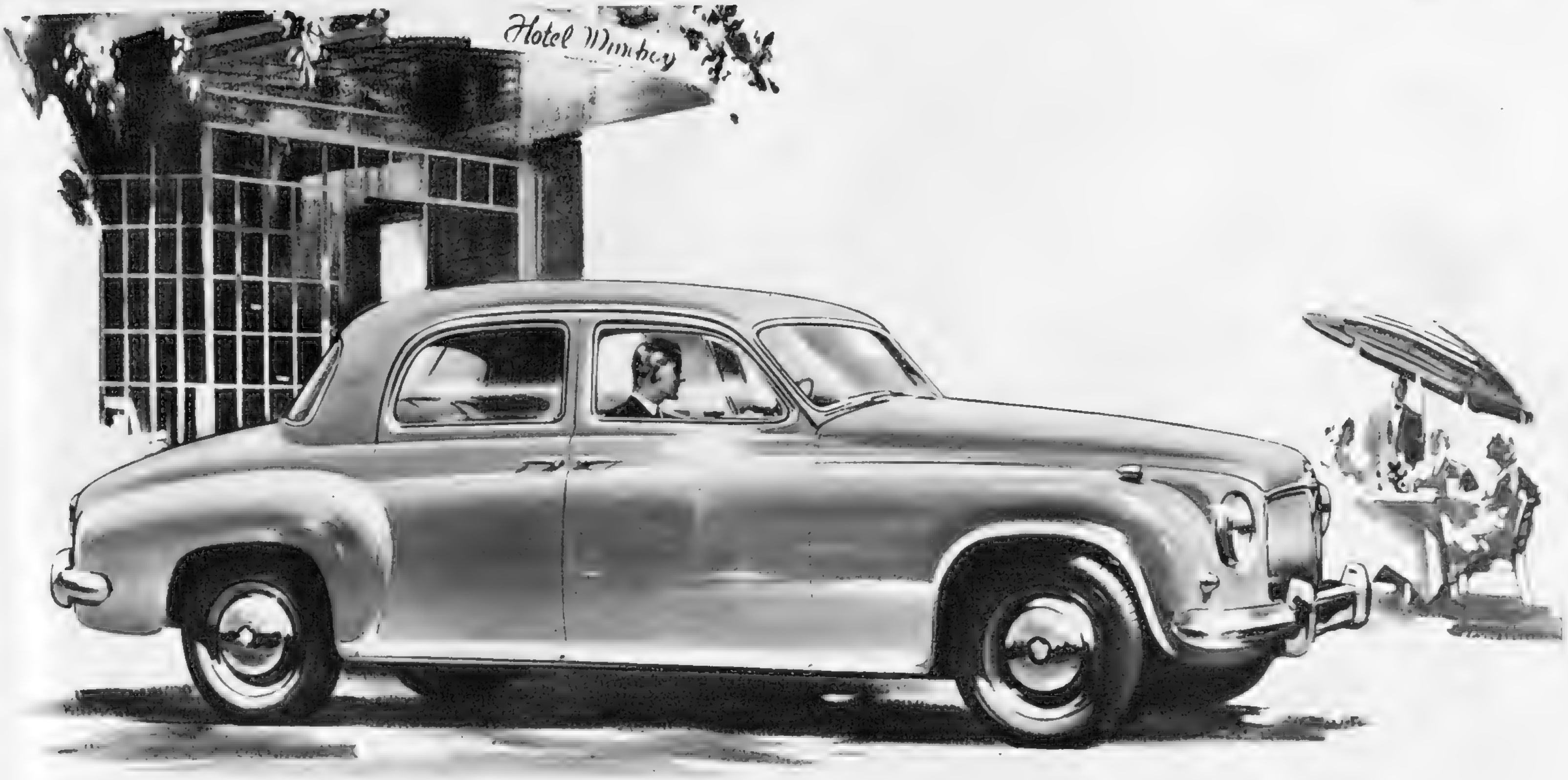

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THE '75' First of the current series of Rover Models and an established favourite in a score of countries, the Seventy-Five now incorporates an entirely new 6 cyl. engine. Similar in design to that of the successful Ninety, the new engine will further enhance the reputation of the Rover Seventy-Five for high performance with surprising economy.

THE '60' Recognising that the high standard of Rover design and finish appealed to many motorists to whom low running costs were desirable, the 1954 Rover programme introduced a model with a 2 litre 4 cyl. engine—the immediately popular Sixty. Its exceptionally low fuel consumption is greatly assisted by the special F type cylinder head, exclusive to Rover engines.

SEE THEM AT THE MOTOR SHOW—STAND 144

The 1955 versions of all three models will be on view at the Motor Show. They incorporate a number of new refinements, including a wider rear window, reshaped and fully lined luggage boot and flashing type direction indicators.

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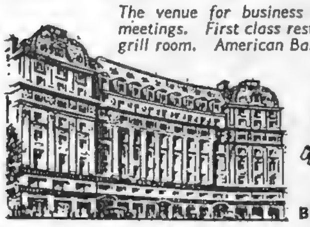

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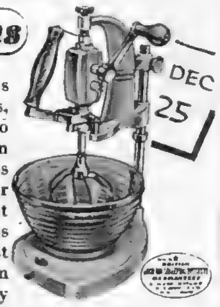

The Hawkins Handymix beats, mixes, whips to perfection, and in addition, mashes potatoes and other vegetables right at the stove. It has two gears for fast and slow rotation and three easily interchangeable stainless steel beaters. Attractively finished in a gleaming chromium and cream enamel —a wonderful time and labour saver.

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The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.	**3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.**
2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.	**4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.**

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

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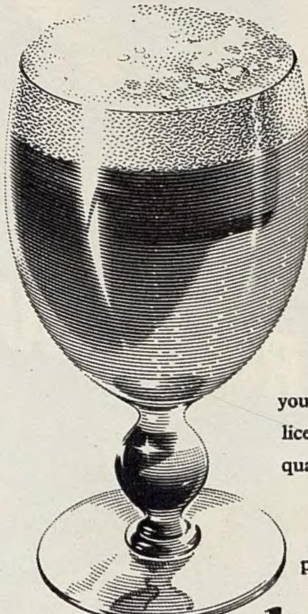

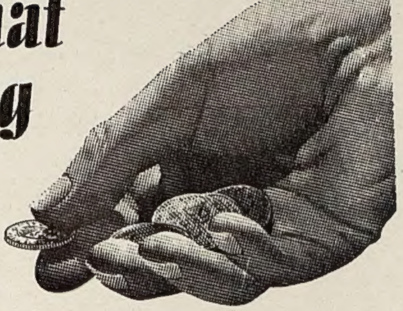

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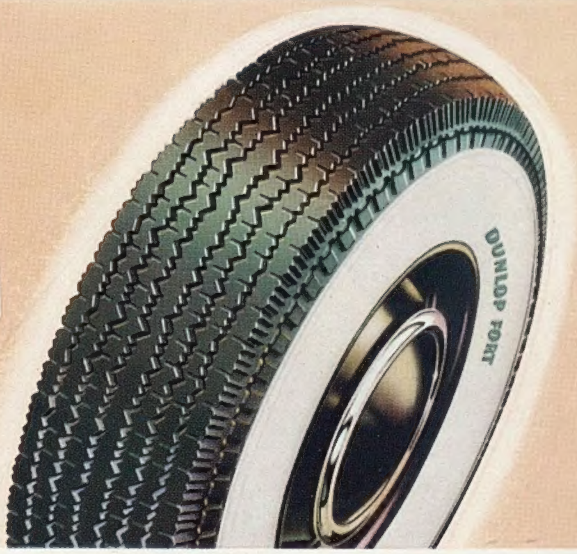

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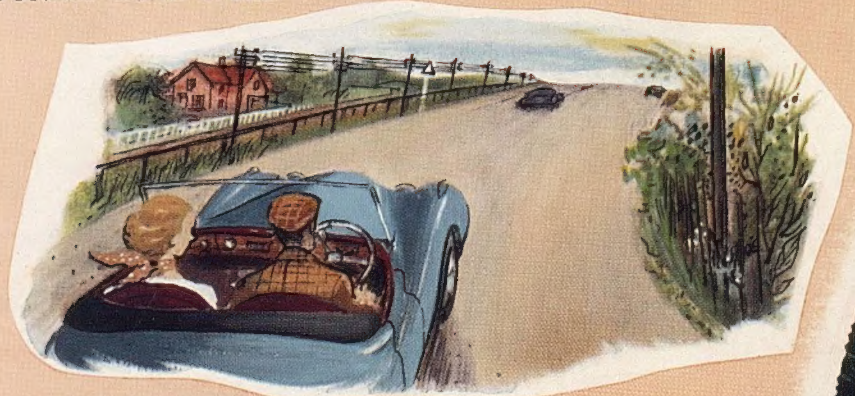

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